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JANUARY

THE REVOLT AGAINST CRIME

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THE
FORUM
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JANUARY, 1935 VOL. 93, NO. 1

THE REVOLT AGAINST CRIME

Editorial Foreword

THE MORAL recovery of the United States is equally as important as our economic recovery. It is fantastic for a nation proclaiming the lofty ideals of America to exhibit a criminal record worse than that of any other civilized country. Other countries in recent years have been curbing crime. But in the United States crime increases at the rate of three per cent *per annum;* the annual cost of lawlessness is estimated at $13,000,000,000, against a bill for education of $2,500,000,000.

Happily, this past year, there have been manifest signs of a turn in the tide, of an awaking public responsibility for putting our house of morals in order. At the bottom, the spectacle of an unruly crowd of twenty thousand people fighting for souvenirs from the blessed grave of one of the most outrageous of our criminal "heroes," "Pretty Boy" Floyd, has shocked the inherent national sense of decency. At the top, federal forces have established a splendid record in discouraging the kidnaping racket and in terminating the careers of our leading bank desperadoes.

Along the line, justice is being speeded in our cities by the creation of petty courts where cases can be decided in ten minutes instead of ten years. The churches have become militant and set up a really effective boycott against demoralizing motion pictures. There are no signs as yet of an organized boycott against the newspapers and magazines that glorify crime, but a paper, published in Boston, which features clean news, *The Christian Science Monitor*, is gaining a nation-wide circulation. *The Monitor*, with foresight and thoroughness, has tackled the problem of crime in all its aspects in a series of articles written by leading authorities throughout the world. And in December the Attorney General of the United States, Homer S. Cummings, called in Washington a National Crime Conference "to prepare the way for a definite governmental organization attacking the causes of crime."

The fault is not with the police and the prisons so much as with us, the people. Responsibility rests most of all on five groups: the home, the school, the church, the community, the legal profession.

As already reported in the press, the Editor had finished this editorial only one hour before he was assaulted by two thugs while taking his usual afternoon walk in Central Park. They removed his watch and money and left him with two black eyes. Their technique and their threat to "pump him full of lead" were copied direct from motion pictures. With this experience, the Editor is well equipped to write again about crime.

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The American home must revive the legend of character building, of respect for law in the parent and of clean conduct in the child.

The schools must maintain special officers to handle delinquency and maladjustment. The classroom must co-operate with the home in holding up to derision trickery and passing the buck. The mind of the child can afford to absorb fewer modern facts and more of the ancient examples of better citizenship and honorable, if less quickly profitable, living.

The churches can increase their usefulness by becoming attractive to the children of the neighborhood, as well as to the adult waifs and strays, not only on Sundays but on the other six days of the week.

Each community should see to it that its children have opportunity for psychiatric and medical care. Where other agencies are absent, neighborhood clinics for children ought to be established. In New York City, the police department has befriended errant children and is guiding them through a generously staffed Crime Prevention Bureau.

The Lawyer's Responsibility

But on one special group of our citizens rests the most serious responsibility. By and large, members of the legal profession in America, unlike their cousins in England, have felt themselves to be the servants and not the leaders of the community. The eighteen thousand members of the American Bar Association, trained in the operation of justice and all its technical apparatus, cannot much longer deny responsibility for lynch law, for the archaic delays of our courts, for the subserviency of our judiciary to politics, of our police to the underworld. North of our border is a country where lynching is unknown; where justice is swift; where no judge, great or small, is subject to the caprice of the electorate.

If the economic program of the New Deal succeeds it will help our internal war against crime. The New Deal aims to redistribute wealth and opportunity until a healthy job is insured for every able-bodied citizen. Crime breeds faster in poverty than in homes of security. The majority of offenses are crimes of acquisition — assaults on property — from petty thefts to grand larceny. The criminal often justifies himself by saying that he is a victim of the maldistribution of wealth. The squalid slums of our large cities produce ninety per cent of our criminals. Housing programs under the New Deal, slum clearance, though they may not pay out directly, will indirectly reduce, in good time, our national expenditure for police and for prisons.

Another constructive agency set up by the New Deal and working for public morale is the Civilian Conservation Corps. Healthy occupation and clean living are the rule in these camps that take care of 300,000 young men at one time. Up to September 30, 1934, no less than 850,000 potentially law-abiding men had been thus employed, far from freight cars and slums, in vigorous work in the wind and the sun and the forest, improving the public domain for future generations.

Rebuilding Character

The revolt against crime is a personal responsibility for each of us. Actual practice of religion, of course, automatically eliminates crime. For lawlessness is foreign to two simple commandments — love God; love thy neighbor. All social human beings can accept the second of these. Those who reject God can substitute character. And for character the home first of all is responsible. Those of us who have children bear this primary responsibility for the public morale. We cannot resign our duties to the school or to the community or to the free instincts of youth. Discipline must be accompanied by example and a respect for law, no matter how absurd a particular statute may seem to us. Parents who play with bootleggers and rush off to lynchings cannot expect noble virtues to develop in their children.

The community is responsible for its children. Whether or not we have children of our own, it is the duty of each of us to urge parks and playgrounds in our communities, character building in our schools, children's activities in our churches, clinics for juvenile delinquency in our neighborhoods. Each of us must become an unofficial but responsible plain-clothes crime-prevention officer and see that the children have healthy substitutes for the excitement of street gangs and unsuitable motion pictures.

Henry Goddard Leach

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GERMANY'S FOREIGN POLICY

BY KONSTANTIN FREIHERR VON NEURATH

Reichsminister for Foreign Affairs

IF THE attention of the entire civilized world, which Germany is at present "enjoying," had its origin in a sincere desire to understand and appreciate the growth and development of our country, it would not only serve our own interests, but would benefit the whole of Europe and the community of civilized nations. For the clear light in which the facts would then appear would promptly dispel the artificial fog of distrust regarding Germany which continues to spread from certain quarters.

The national-socialist revolution is a phenomenon which embraces, and is intended to embrace, the national life of the German people in all its domains. It goes down to the roots of things and implies a complete reorganization of all national, social, cultural, and economic forms of life. Its outcome is to be a new structure which, in the intention of the Leader and Chancellor of the Reich, is to continue to grow into a distant future — strong and unshaken. The fact that this complete internal reconstruction has to be achieved in a nation which has had to struggle through the chaos of the post-war years adds to the magnitude and to the difficulties of the task. The people of the U. S. A., whose President has fearlessly opened up new roads for economic reconstruction, are fully aware of the fact that even this one task alone claims his entire energies. How much more then is it necessary for the German people to concentrate all national energies in this internal recovery, when the purpose is a complete reorganization, not only in the economic, but also in the cultural, the moral, and the social, sphere.

Whoever has once really grasped this fact must surely see that Germany can have no greater or more sincere wish than to accomplish this rehabilitation of the present generation not only in undisturbed peace, but also in the enjoyment of full confidence and good neighborly relations with the rest of the world. But the greater this task is, and the heavier the sacrifices which are necessary for its accomplishment, the more steadfast and unshakable must be the wish that the priceless gain thus achieved shall never be exposed to the hazard of foreign complications in the future.

This renders unnecessary any further reply in answer to the suspicions and charges advanced by those eternally distrustful ones who maintain that all these efforts at internal reconstruction are but to serve future aggressive purposes. In May, 1933, the Leader and Chancellor of the Reich said in his great peace oration: "National socialism is a conception of the world which implies universal obligations" — universal, that is to say, in the sense that the German nation thereby assumes obligations toward the community of nations in the same measure in which, on its own part, it demands from them equality of rights. In other words, just as in the internal sphere national socialism is not a reactionary movement, but an entirely new creation, thus also does it dispense in the sphere of foreign relations with the reactionary aims and methods of an outmoded imperialism, while it strives to open up

Some German-Americans who revisited the Fatherland during the past year have represented to THE FORUM *that "Germany is doing her best. But German news is, from prejudice, distorted in the American press." They have challenged* THE FORUM *as the magazine of controversy. Accordingly, when the Managing Editor was in Berlin last fall he invited several high Nazi officials to present their views unadulterated by American cutting or editing.* THE FORUM *hopes to follow the present paper with one by Dr. Paul Goebbels, Reichsminister of Propaganda.*

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new ways to facilitate peaceful and dignified intercourse between the peoples of the earth.

II

FOR THESE reasons, the new Germany has not only acknowledged and assented to the peace work of Locarno, but has gone even further by striving to keep away from all complications looming up either in Europe or elsewhere. Germany has advanced the cause of peace not only by words, but also by deeds, as witnessed by her reconciliation with Poland, her eastern neighbor. It is a matter for regret that there are other neighbors who prefer to insist on their distrustful attitude and to resort to the old method of forming groups among the political powers. Nowhere can this regret be more deeply felt than in our own country, whose situation in the center of Europe makes it a matter of paramount interest that the peace of the continent shall not be disturbed.

This same wish for conciliation and for the removal of old antagonism has also inspired the repeated proposals on Germany's part to solve the Saar question — one of the two international questions now occupying the center of interest — by coming to a friendly agreement with France. This proposal having fallen on deaf ears,* Germany must insist on a loyal and sincere solution of this question in accordance with the unambiguous wording and meaning of the treaty stipulations — not only in her own interest, but also in the conviction that no virus of infection should remain in particular on her western frontier from which any trouble might start in the future between herself and France. In this respect Germany shares the views by which the American peace delegation was guided in opposing, together with Great Britain, any annexation of this purely German territory.

The second great international problem in which Germany has a bigger interest at stake than any other nation is that of disarmament. For Germany this question is tantamount to the question of equality of rights. After Germany had led the way in disarmament, waiting fourteen years in vain for the others to follow, she still found herself confronted by those who demanded that she should continue further on this lonely course. But it goes without saying that a great nation which is mindful of its dignity and of its future cannot consent indefinitely to remain in this status of discrimination — if for no other then for this reason, that equality of rights in regard to possibilities of defense implies equality of rights in respect of security. Owing to her history and her geographical position, this question of security is a more serious question for Germany than many another nation more favorably situated in this regard can possibly understand.

It goes without saying that Germany's position in the family of nations and the consciousness of her situation in the center of Europe necessitate her interest in all important affairs throughout the world. She therefore devotes close attention to all international events and developments in Europe and elsewhere. Providing, however, that the governments make common cause in their will to peace, restraining all those who make it their business to create and disseminate distrust and hatred, and that they are willing throughout the world to respect those rights on the part of others which they claim for themselves, Germany is convinced that all problems could be solved by sound common sense and by the earnest will of the governments concerned — especially if these governments will be guided by the ardent desire for the preservation of peace which is voiced by their people.

KONSTANTIN FREIHERR VON NEURATH

*EDITOR'S NOTE: — *Baron von Neurath wrote this article some weeks before announcement was made of the Franco-German accord on the Saar question.*

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BETWEEN COVERS—I

LOWELL BRENTANO

PUBLISHING has been variously described as a business, a career, a game, a racket, a profession, largely according to the temperament of the individual attempting to define it. But those of us who have devoted many years to publishing often stress the business aspect — in the sense that we are always conscious of engaging in an enterprise conducted largely with the motive of profit. Nevertheless, one man's profit is another man's poison, and more and more, during my fifteen years as editorial executive of Brentano's, I came to realize that publishing, like St. Paul, can be all things to all men. And now, in retrospect, while engaged in an affiliated field, I spend a busman's holiday in recording some of my experiences in the world of letters. For, more than anything else, it is the variety of human contacts that, to me, makes publishing exciting and glamorous.

There is much speculative curiosity and there are many popular delusions on the subject of the making of books. Nearly everyone (at least so it seems to me) wants to write; nearly everyone seems to feel that there is a story in his life; and the majority of would-be authors I have met imply that only the maliciousness and stupidity of publishers prevent them from making a fortune in an easy and pleasant manner. There seems to be a very definite conception on the part of the public that one needs influence, a big name — some type of pull — to get a book published. Despite the fact that the moral atmosphere of a publishing office is not unlike that of a nunnery, I have even heard vague murmurings of the type so prevalent in the operatic and theatrical fields, where beautiful young women are supposed to sacrifice "all" for the sake of a career.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The average editorial executive spends the greater part of his energy seeking fresh blood and new names. Precious time and money is devoted to a careful consideration of innumerable unsolicited manuscripts by unknowns and to interviews with countless authors who "drop in," in the hope that from all this search a few good books will emerge. Nothing gives an editor a greater thrill than a discovery; no greater reward exists in publishing than the knowledge that from some nameless author or some obscure manuscript one has had the intuition, the experience, the nerve, and the good fortune to select a book destined to make literary history.

Once an author has achieved a big reputation and corresponding sales, it does not require brains to realize the advantages of accepting his manuscript. The trouble is that name authors with big sales possibilities are far and few between, and the firm fortunate enough to publish their books makes every effort to keep their future output continuously under contract. Even if, perchance, a quarrel and a literary divorce occurs or even if a competing firm is able to lure an author away from his original publisher, the price is high. In such an event large bank balances are more essential than any amount of editorial brains. As a famous editor once quizzically remarked, "Buying authors is like buying cigarettes — if you're rich you ask for an imported turkish cigarette, monogrammed; if you're poor you roll your own." Most of us editors, from either choice or necessity prefer to roll our own.

Hence all the transparent subterfuges resorted to by authors to trap publishers are not only pathetic but futile. Pasting a few pages of the manuscript together; clipping vital parts of the story with rubber bands or steel clips — to see whether they have been moved; even asking the editor various trick questions in a subsequent interview, "to see if he ever read the manuscript" — all such precautions are wasted effort. Every respectable publishing

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Portraits by Constance Naar
Mrs. Sanger

firm makes an honest effort to examine carefully every submitted manuscript and to consider every verbal suggestion or idea proposed.

The writer must bear in mind the various types of publishers. Just as in medicine, there are many specialists. To mention merely a few, there are "bible houses"; scientific, medical, and textbook firms; dictionary and encyclopedia companies; and "subscription firms," concentrating usually on the publication of sets which are sold by mail order or canvassing from house to house. I am speaking in this article more especially of what is known as the "general publisher." Such a firm brings out books on all topics of general interest to laymen but rejects all technical or specialized works. Novels, biography and autobiography, juveniles, poetry, essays, drama, and authoritative but non-technical books on economic, philosophical, or psychological questions — all these are grist to its mill. But within the scope of this broad description even a general publisher, deliberately or unconsciously, tends to concentrate on certain types of books. One firm may achieve a reputation for travel books, another for juveniles, another for fiction and drama, and so on. And it is only natural, after repeated success has been achieved in a certain field, to look with marked interest on new manuscripts in this same quarter. All these questions and many others are involved in what is more or less vaguely known as editorial policy.

This is why, among other reasons, so many manuscripts are returned to authors apparently unread. An experienced editor can tell almost at a glance if a book is out of his field — just as quickly as a gastro-intestinal specialist will refuse to operate on a mastoid. Consequently, the speedy return of such a manuscript may involve no reflection whatever on the merit of the book, but merely evidence that it was submitted to the wrong firm.

Then again there is the question of duplication. Let us say you have written a sea story or a mystery and have submitted it to a general publisher, who rejects it. Perhaps this general publisher's editorial policy limits his list to eight or nine novels and three mysteries in the course of the spring or fall season. Perhaps he already has a sea story and three mysteries selected for his list and other mysteries under future contract. Even though the plot of your book is radically different, it is apt to be rejected on the same principal that a woman may use shopping for a new dress. If she already owns a red dress she would probably for the sake of contrast and variety prefer a blue, green, or yellow dress. So here again rejection may involve no reflection on the merit of your book but merely indicate the publisher's temporary satiety with your especial product.

The Publisher and Propaganda

Once a book is selected for publication, the public often mistakenly feel that it represents the personal sentiments and beliefs of the publisher. Such is far from the case — indeed in many instances a publisher is privately in violent disagreement with the book. I have, for example, received letters denouncing me for publishing anti-American books and also for publishing nationalistic pro-American books; anti-Catholic books and pro-Catholic books. I have been decried as a radical and marked as a conservative. All that a publisher's imprint on a book should guarantee to the buyer is a certain minimum of literary excellence and a certain authority in statements of fact. A publisher cannot be, and in my judgment should not be, a propagandist or a censor either for or against any cause.

Only once have I violated my own publishing creed in this respect and permitted myself to become personally and emotionally involved in a propaganda book. I refer to my publication of *Woman and the New Race*, by Margaret Sanger — the great apostle of birth control. Mrs. Sanger was introduced to me in what she laughingly refers to as her soap-box days. In 1918–20, birth control was regarded as a radical topic not mentioned in conservative circles. I was charmed by Mrs. Sanger, a wistful, fragile little woman, with the courage of a wounded tiger. Quiet, unassuming, retiring, she could and did battle like a Dempsey for her conceptions of a better world. After much persuasion, in which I was aided by my wife,

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one of our associate editors, I persuaded our conservative board of directors to permit me to negotiate a publishing contract with her.

Her book, which was bitterly assailed from many quarters, had a large sale and earned substantial royalties. But even a fat bank account did not change Margaret Sanger. She continued to live in a tiny, cheap apartment on the edge of the slums. She continued to eat as inexpensively and as little as possible. To this day, I often think she nearly starved herself, because she begrudged every moment of time and every cent of money diverted from her work. All of her funds went to her clinics, her organization, her propaganda. To it she gave her money, her health, almost her life.

Subsequently she married a wealthy and brilliant business executive and gradually withdrew from some of her activities. I published two other books by her but, unfortunately, neither of these volumes enjoyed the popularity of her first. They lacked the novelty and freshness of a first presentation of a subject; they were more technical in character; and yet, of course, they could not give any actual contraceptive information. She has, however, continued steadily to win increasing support for her theories, and hardly a day passes but one reads of her activities in some part of the world. During the past fifteen years I have met many propagandists and reformers, ranging from the impractical theorist and the fanatic to the high-class racketeer and those interested more in their self-aggrandizement than in their causes. But there are few Margaret Sangers among them. I had and will always have a profound admiration and respect for her.

Mr. Shaw

It was my good fortune for many years to be associated with another personality, also world famous as a propagandist but even more famous purely as a writer. I refer to George Bernard Shaw. My family had the privilege of being Mr. Shaw's exclusive American publishers for over twenty-five years. The contacts with Mr. Shaw were first made by my father, after my father's death by my uncle, and subsequently by myself.

Mr. Shaw and a Prize Fighter

Although I had corresponded with him on business matters for some five years previously, my first personal meeting with Mr. Shaw occurred in 1923, when I went to England primarily to secure his consent to a motion-picture contract. I carried with me an offer from one of the great American companies, which wished to secure the screen rights of all of Mr. Shaw's books. These were to be leased on a royalty basis, with a guarantee that the royalties would come to a minimum of one million dollars.

In less time than it takes to write about this offer, Mr. Shaw shouted "No!" "But, Mr. Shaw — " I interposed. "No buts; I said 'No'," was the stern reply. Then the argument began in earnest. Shaw objected mainly on two counts. The first was that the value of many of his plays was dependent on dialogue, rather than situation, and, consequently, the plays would lose immeasurably in being translated into the idiom of the screen. This, of course, was before the day of talking pictures. Secondly, he insisted on the privilege, if he wished to exercise it, of directing or rewriting any picture made from his plays — a condition to which the motion-picture company was unalterably opposed. So, to my great chagrin, the deal fell through. Since then, especially with the advent of talking pictures, Mr. Shaw has sold a number of his separate books. So far as I know, however, this projected contract with him represented the largest motion-picture contract ever offered to any author in the history of literature.

Speaking of Mr. Shaw and motion pictures reminds me of another amusing incident. Several years later, with a twinkle in his eye, he told me this story about himself. For years various producers had been trying to buy *Cashel Byron's Profession*, his novel about a prize fighter. Finally, in order to get rid of one especially insistent mogul, Shaw agreed to sell at a large price if he could name the leading man. "Name your man," said the producer. "If it's Jesus Christ himself, we'll get him."

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Mr. Shaw modestly disclaimed any intention of casting a deity and designated Gene Tunney, for whom he had a great admiration, both as a man and as a fighter. So copies of the book were rushed to Tunney, who did not, however, react according to Hoyle. He wrote Shaw a letter criticizing the book harshly and refusing to play the part on the ground that it might injure his reputation. Mr. Shaw was delighted. He waved Tunney's letter in the air in front of my face, shouting, "That's a man after my own heart."

Some time after this, when Tunney was sitting on top of the world, I had the pleasure of meeting him personally. I wanted him to write a book about his prize-fighting experiences and requested an appointment to discuss the matter. He invited me to meet him at the Cloud Club, which has its quarters in the summit of the Chrysler Building. The Club has a distinguished membership roll of world-famous Americans — bankers, lawyers, business executives, and statesmen. What amazed me was the reception they accorded Tunney. I knew, of course, that he was a celebrity, but usually even a celebrity escapes notice in his own club. Not Tunney. The luncheon was a constant series of interruptions, as member after member, most of them two or three times his age, greeted him, clasped his hand, slapped his shoulder, and even embraced him. Between greetings we talked business, and I laid my proposal before him. He told me frankly he intended to write such a book — although probably not for at least a year — but that, when he did write it, the terms offered him were of paramount importance. Although he expressed himself very tactfully, he warned me that, everything else being equal, he would sell it to the highest bidder. I appreciated greatly his sincerity in telling me this. So many celebrities try to sell their books at auction and guilelessly to conceal their technique from the publishers.

What impressed me above everything else about Tunney was his insatiable craving for facts and information; he probed me eagerly about books, authors, sales methods, writing, and other literary problems, and for every question I managed to slip in about prize fighting he asked me four or five about my own work.

I found the spirit of fair-mindedness uppermost in my dealings with Shaw. In fact, some years after I first met him, it was my privilege to negotiate a large contract for his collected edition, and later on I will tell of some of my experiences in this connection. Certainly, however, there are very few like him — brilliant, erratic, domineering, blustering, even hot-tempered, and yet withal one of the sweetest natured of men; a mocker at conventionality and so-called religious codes, yet one who has lived systematically and who has demonstrated daily a shining integrity.

Mr. Tunney

Another Irishman with whom I had contacts was George Moore. Although Moore and Shaw were, as contemporaries, probably two of the most famous Irishmen in London, they differed greatly. Shaw, so far as I could observe, had entered the writing field as a propagandist and social reformer; Moore was much more the æsthete and conscious artist of words. In consequence Shaw sought primarily wide distribution of his books among the masses and was extremely impatient of any attempts to capitalize on his literary reputation with *de luxe* editions or signed copies. I personally have known Shaw to refuse substantial sums for signed copies and original manuscripts in his own hand. Once he remarked to me impatiently: "I don't want people to buy my handwriting, I want them to buy my books." Moore, on the contrary, while eager for large sales (what author is not?) loved collected editions, signature copies, sets, and all the bibliographical rarities so dear to the professional man of letters.

Although both men were approximately the same age, the difference in their physiques was astonishing. I never met Moore personally until 1927, and even then he was a fragile and somewhat enfeebled old gentleman, just recovering from a fit of sickness. Despite this, Moore still fancied himself as a cavalier, as the gallant who entertained ladies with his jests and fables. But Shaw's physique is proverbial.

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Whether by the fortune of inherited good health or because of his diet and exercise theories, George Bernard Shaw is a fine figure of a man. Even to-day he stands erect, dynamic, vital, fit to challenge comparison with any advertisement in the physical-culture magazines.

The Irish Temper

Before I entered the business, our firm had published many of Mr. Moore's earlier books. But a break had occurred with the publication of *The Brook Kerith*. According to the oral tradition passed down in my family, my uncle talked with Moore in London, previous to the completion of the manuscript, and Moore, without giving him any opportunity to inspect the uncompleted work, requested a contract. "What's the book about?" asked my uncle. "It's about Jesus Christ," snapped Moore. With this news, my relative, an extremely cautious and conservative old gentleman, threw up his hands. No doubt he was picturing mentally how a writer (who up to that time was regarded as one of the most daring artists in his treatment of sex) would handle a life of our Lord. Anxious as he was to continue as Moore's publisher, he became cautious and promised a contract as soon as he had read and approved the completed manuscript. Apparently, or at least so my uncle understood, there was a tacit agreement that this procedure was to be followed, but subsequently the completed book was given to another firm before he ever had an opportunity to read it. I always believed that Moore's artistic pride had been insulted at what he regarded as a lack of faith in him and that he intended his presentation of the completed manuscript to another firm as a silent and effective rebuke.

Whatever his intentions, as years passed I saw no reason why I should not try to regain him for our own firm. Accordingly, about 1926 or 1927, when word reached me he was working on another book, I wrote to him about the possibilities of our publishing it. He answered my letter courteously and pleasantly enough and invited me to call on him when in England. I availed myself of this invitation and a few months later rang the door bell of his famous house on Ebury Street.

He greeted me very cordially and listened carefully when I explained my mission. He intimated, however, that he would never give me any opportunity to repeat my uncle's request to see a finished manuscript; if I were going to do business with him he must have a contract and a substantial advance. I agreed that his attitude was reasonable and cautiously led the conversation to a point where I could ascertain something of the subject matter of the book.

I got more than I bargained for. Without hesitation he plunged into a detailed exposition of the plot of *Aphrodite in Aulis*. Those of you who have read the book will recall it as a beautifully poetic and symbolic presentation of an imaginary Greek myth, as reinterpreted and recreated in modern times by the author. But as he told me the story there was nothing poetic or symbolic about it; he started his description abruptly: "My story is about the fair rump of Aphrodite." Then, before I could catch my breath, he outlined his plot, using short Anglo-Saxon words and not overlooking any biological details. Fortunately I was seated in a chair beside him, so I escaped the temptation to meet his eye. I could almost feel myself blush and yet I knew if I ever looked at Moore I would let myself go in gales of laughter at the zest with which he rolled his tongue over female anatomical description.

The main difficulty in the way of publishing the book was not, however, the subject matter but Moore's insistence on securing a very high price for a signed, limited edition. I did not want a signed, limited edition at his terms but was interested specifically in a popular edition. Subsequently, after my return to America, I heard that the Fountain Press (a firm which specialized in the limited-edition field) was willing to meet Moore's terms. I met the head of this company, and we combined forces. Accordingly, acting on its behalf and my own, I corresponded with Moore and secured his consent to an arrangement by which Fountain was to have the limited edition

Mr. Moore

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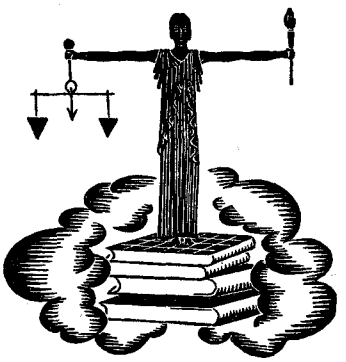
and I was to handle the general market. The formal contract was to be drawn along these lines and was to be forwarded immediately to England. I heaved a sigh of relief but later found I had sighed too soon.

For Moore, instead of signing the formal contracts, demanded more money, which I refused to pay. I pointed out that I had accepted his proposals and that we had agreed in correspondence on the essential terms involved. Mr. Moore angrily waved me aside, and some exceedingly acrimonious correspondence took place. I suspected, perhaps unjustly, that he had been offered larger terms at the last minute by someone else and either wanted to repudiate his arrangement with us or use these terms as a basis for raising our own price. Moore wrote several letters saying he would go elsewhere with the book or, if worst came to worst, never finish it. He also threatened to write a long preface denouncing me as a b ackguard. I thanked him for his offer to immortalize me but refused to budge from my position — if we did not publish the book I would see to it that no one else did.

Finally, to untie the Gordian knot, I jumped on a boat for England. I did not think it discreet or advisable to approach Moore directly, so I went to his solicitors. They at first informed me I was annoying him and was claiming rights I did not possess. My only answer was to show them our correspondence. Naturally he had told them a different version of the story; possibly he had not kept carbons of some of his important letters. At any rate, their attitude changed immediately, and they told me they were confident Mr. Moore misunderstood the situation, which could be amicably adjusted in a few days. They suggested I call later in the week, thereby giving them time to discuss the matter with him. When I returned, they told me apologetically that Mr. Moore had become quite excited when they endeavored to hasten the peaceful execution of the contract with me. In his temper he had taken the matter out of their hands. I had a lurking sympathy for Mr. Moore. I suppose many of us have felt that, right or wrong, our lawyers should always maintain we are right. But subsequently he calmed down, and, through the good offices of a mutual friend in an English publishing firm, the formal contracts were drawn up and signed. I never saw him during all this period. My friend would carry his suggestions to me and *vice versa*, and in this way any further bad feeling was avoided. Peculiarly enough, Moore apparently forgot his grudges, for after the signing of the contract our correspondence over the final details of book publication was not unpleasant; and I believe he took his conscientious solicitors back into his good graces.



The second of Mr. Brentano's three articles of reminiscence will appear next month.

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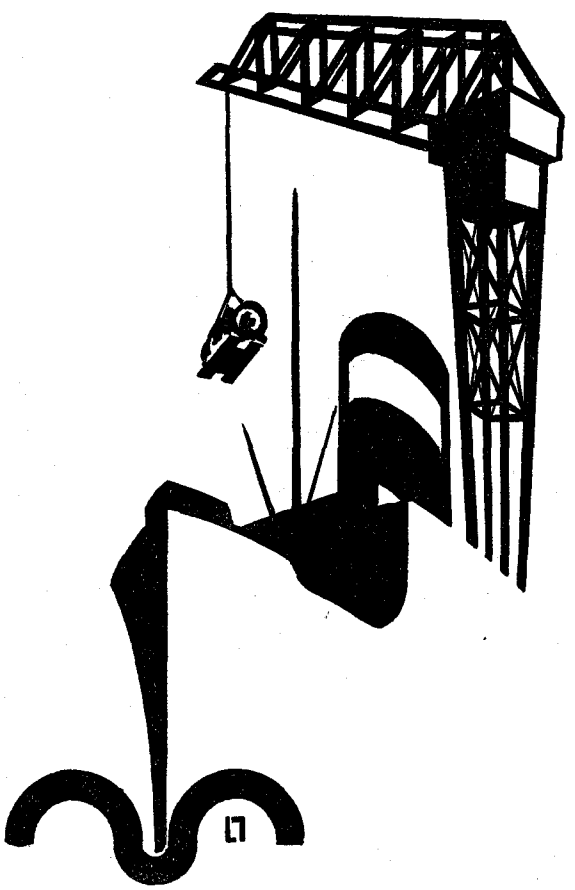
THE SILENT TARIFF WAR

BY OLIVER WILLIAMS



WE HAVE NOT yet learned the most important fact of our generation, that we are at war both with ourselves and with our neighbors overseas. We have not learned this because the war is economic and invisible. The struggle goes on in the peace of poverty, and its casualties are the quiet giving up of millions of human hopes.

The fact that we have not yet recognized the real nature of our slough of despond is the brightest aspect of the situation. For when the cause of our difficulties becomes apparent the cure will be very simple. We shall be presented with an impersonal, clear-cut, and intensely dramatic issue, an issue which will appeal not to our fears but to our noblest instincts. And for the first time in a generation we shall engage in a political campaign which captures our imagination. The choice before us will not be one of Right or Left. It will be a question of forward or backward, of economic peace or industrial, political, and international strife, negation, and slaughter.

Trade conflict is a very subtle movement. It is easier to perceive when it is several thousand miles across the sea than when it is at home. This is so, for one thing, because most foreign units of government are smaller. The results of the dry fact of a British tariff on imported meat, for instance, we can visualize. We have the scene of Ireland, where calves are being killed for lack of a market, while just across St. George's Channel the English are subsidizing the husbandry of cattle against odds, urged on by an energetic Minister of Agriculture, Walter Elliot. In Ireland there is grief because the ill-adapted industries which take the place of cattle herding have turned out to be sweatshops; and meanwhile the British survey the wreckage of a great, efficient export industrial capacity. And they contemplate the demoralization of their faithful sea dogs — the rusting of their merchant ships.

II

TO POINT out that this same ridiculous and tragic political victory of weak industries is taking place on a grand scale in America would doubtless surprise ninety-nine out of one hundred Americans. But when Peter Molyneaux, publisher of the *Texas Weekly*, wrote in THE FORUM under the title "The Second Civil War — The Cotton South Against the Nation," he spoke the truth about a civil conflict, albeit a smokeless one, which is in full progress to-day.

Let us consider for a moment this great South of our country. The principal products of its twelve states are cotton, oil, coal, and tobacco. Nearly half of the world's cotton has

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been grown in the South, and we have sent abroad over half of our crop. America has produced sixty-eight per cent of the world's oil and has shipped overseas a balance of one sixth of her production. And the South exported forty per cent of her tobacco. All of this was in spite of very high tariffs which tended to throttle her trade.

It should be perfectly clear that these twelve states, "the shoeless South," suffer when they cannot trade their surplus products. Goods, we must remember, are not synonymous with wealth unless the goods are usable goods. An apple, for instance, is wealth in the hands of a bank clerk if he can enjoy it after his lunch. But an apple in the tree of a farmer in Virginia is not wealth if he cannot get it picked and taken to market. This apple is merchandise, perhaps, but it is not usable merchandise. By the same token, a great proportion of the produce of the South is not merchandise as long as the law of the land blockades its seaports, for its "home market" is largely in the homes of nations. The South has to go without the tariff-barred woolen clothing, the dyes, rugs, laces, chinaware, surgical instruments, toys, watches, olive oil, lemons, wine, linseed oil, matches, and so on which its surplus would bring to it in exchange, were exchange vouchsafed it.

Once our attention is called to it, the hidden industrial strife of tariffs is easy to visualize as it affects the South. This is so because the South presents the greatest area of unmixed strong industry which is to be found in America. The South is the most rugged part of us, the least cursed with industrial invalidism. We are aware that for the time being the South is submitting to the planned destruction of cotton and tobacco and the pro-ration of oil production; and to the indignity of the farm bonus and relief dole in an attempt to mitigate the resulting unemployment. These complexities tend to obscure the fact that for this great area this is an "open depression, openly arrived at." The South is unique in America in that practically all of its industries are by nature vigorous, enjoying the world's lowest production costs, for the quantity produced, and consequently a latent greater demand for labor than obtains in other nations.

Almost every hamlet and county of the South could walk in the warm sunlight of prosperity if only it were allowed to stand on its own feet in world production and world interchange of surpluses. It is for this reason that the first realization that our emergency is a tariff disaster should take place in the South.

When we consider how old and dusty and confused the tariff has become, we are carried back to the earliest days of our history. At that time the states maintained actual tariffs against one another. But, as William E. Dodd, our present Ambassador to Germany, wrote in the *Baltimore Sun*, "the States yielded tariffs, armaments and financial guidance, and an amazing solution of the insoluble debt and trade problem was reached. A prosperity unimagined in history followed. And to-day it is as clear to honest thinking men that all nations are bankrupt or nearly so, and that chaos lies ahead if the old methods and the old hatreds are to be cultivated, as it was to Washington and Madison in 1785 that ruin would follow continued state sovereignty. The problem is to find public men who will risk a little to serve a great cause."

Such a man did arise when John C. Calhoun attacked the tariff of 1828. This tariff, of an average rate of forty-one per cent, was termed the "Tariff of Abominations." It was lower than our present tariff, even without the triple padding of our currency "unstabilization fund," and the results as described by Calhoun in the Senate remind us of our present situation. "Desolation spread itself over an entire staple region. Charleston parted with her last ship, and grass grew in her once busy streets. The absorbing force of the system had drawn into its support a fixed majority which controlled irresistibly every department of the government. But, fortunately for the country and our institutions, one of the members of the Union was found bold enough to declare the protective tariff that had caused all this mischief to be unconstitutional and therefore null and void, and of no effect within her limits."

To-day, a century later, we must still ask what justice there is for the South in our tariff system and for what reason it must still partake of this sour pudding of protection. Governor Talmadge of Georgia was recently quoted in the *New York Times* as saying that "in practically every county of Georgia there are men,

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Springfield, Missouri

women, and children working on the farms, sometimes twelve hours, for about forty cents a day." The South has been reduced to a *per capita* income of but half that of the rest of America. We must think of this injustice when we weigh the claims of capital and labor in weak industries maintained at the expense of the South by means of a subsidy in the form of trade prohibition.

Let us be reminded by Peter Molyneaux, on the occasion of the last anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis, that the soldiers of the gray did not fight in defense of slavery but rather in defense of liberty — of the right of their states to secede. And the Confederate Constitution contained only three material provisions which were not in the Constitution of the United States. It prohibited the levying of tariff duties to favor any one form of industry, it prohibited bounties or bonuses, and it did not allow federal gifts for state public works. But "secession failed, and so the fight still remains."

"Nationalism," writes Ortega y Gasset, "is always an effort in a direction opposite to that of the principle which creates nations." America is not likely to have a *Revolt of the Masses*, but the evidence of the laboratory of history points to a revolution of our strong areas against the tariff sting of the weak, which control our foreign policy.

III

When we can no longer afford the farm bonus, it will be plainly evident that America is a house divided against itself. Sectional as the trade issue may appear to be, the real cleavage is not a territorial one. Neither is it true that there is latent conflict between agriculture and industry. The basic question is whether the anæmic producers of all classifications are to continue to destroy the vigorous by industrial civil warfare.

The City of Detroit, for example, grew out of the Michigan farm land because American invention, capital, and labor learned how to make automobiles more efficiently than they could be made in any other country. America manufactured eighty-three per cent of the world's motor vehicles and in one year sold abroad nearly six hundred million dollars' worth.

We frequently hear the comment that we should have done better to keep these vehicles than to have loaned foreigners the funds to buy them, only to have many of the loans remain unpaid. This opinion overlooks the two most important factors in this trade. In the first place, we did not allow the sale credits to be paid up. We refused to accept the wealth of our customers — the goods which were offered us in return for ours. Secondly, we can become much wealthier through trade than without it if we can obtain half again as many things, such as sugar, for one example, by exchanging automobiles for them than we can by laboriously producing them at home for the same outlay. Yet we see a profitable exchange of part of the producing capacity of Michigan's automobile plants frustrated through the efforts of the Senator from Michigan, Arthur H. Vandenberg. The Senator helped to roll tariff logs across the pathways of trade in order to get the support of some gentlemen in Michigan who wished to raise beets for sugar. They were enabled to help themselves by increasing the price of sugar in America through federal action against Cuba. Cuba's crime was efficiency in sugar cultivation, and other American business men have invested about one thousand million dollars there. And now, in the name of reciprocity, we have a quota preventing the receipt of more than one half of our normal takings from this unhappy island neighbor!

To say that tariffs have reduced motor-car exports by eighty per cent and thus contributed directly to Detroit's recent prostration is a misleading half truth. The important fact in this case, as in hundreds more, is that it is plentiful goods and not hoards of imported gold which determine a nation's material standard of welfare. Not the falling off of exports but the cutting off of imports is the real loss. We have destroyed the value of automobiles in terms of the goods which we might be receiving in exchange for them.

America is strong in those industries in which her natural resources and her expensive plants give her an advantage. To have an advantage means to have a lower producing cost than competitors. Wages are naturally higher here than in other nations because wage levels are a result of the bidding of employers for help of various sorts. The more capital, the more employers; then the more the bidding and the higher the wages of labor. A nation of

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workers with tools — tools in the form of capital — can obviously produce more and enjoy higher wages than a nation of workers with willing hands but no tools.

When the American Federation of Labor, with its "Buy American" slogan of American boycott influences the government to foster a "Buy under the Eagle" movement, it is simply a force helping to drive American labor away from its tools into hand-work production. It is strange, too, to see the American Farm Bureau Federation strong for protection and the United States Chamber of Commerce active in keeping commerce frozen in the cellar. These organizations, purporting to speak for large groups of the population, should perhaps have two parties, with publicity for their minority opinions in their press statements!

The reason for the espousal of tariffs by these blocs is probably identical with the source of Congressional sentiment on the issue. All of these bodies seem to be dominated by the representatives of the industries and farms which are by their nature unable to pay the American scale of wages. These businesses are disturbed about their future, and for this reason their representatives are active in their industrial associations, their labor unions, and their political clubs. We are letting the one sixth of our people which could theoretically be helped by tariffs destroy the living standards of an apathetic five sixths. And more than one sixth of our workers are at present workless.

Without our being conscious of it, we have drifted into a situation very similar to that caused by the corn laws in England a century ago, when Richard Cobden said of the way out, "I exhort you each in your several circles to spread light on this subject. Knowledge is the power — knowledge alone — by which we shall bring this foul system to the dust."

IV

THE STATE must support unemployed workmen by a reasonable allowance as long as the government remains solvent. Is it more feasible for it to support permanently unemployed workers of naturally profitable industries, both large and small, or to aid temporarily displaced workers of inherently weak business and farming ventures? How can business activity and price levels revive in a stable way — why should anyone wish to hire bank credit — when our mighty industries, our surplus-producing industries, are hamstrung by tariffs? And how can the state ever balance its budget if, after wrecking the strong producers to help the weak, we attempt to tax the weak to give relief to the strong? We do not wish to stop relief, yet if we cannot balance the budget we are destined, whether we plan it or not, to march along the easy sequence of inflation followed by revolution to state ownership, upon commandeering the inflation profiteers. But we shall find that this will not add to our national wealth. Relief may finally have to stop. If it does stop, our minimum-wage level will settle at a height which is no longer artificially supported nor once again wedged up by cut-throat bargaining for labor among rapacious, profit-making employers.

Unless private industry is to be allowed to stand up on its own feet unshackled by favoritism, the resulting crisis will force a decadent democracy to jettison its undeserved liberty. Before it is too late, let those of us who believe in American ability and American power have their day in court. Let us bring about a revolution of a new sort; a joyful, forward revolution of the wheel of time to a new age of national youth.

The deathless ocean has a different story. It is a story not of the sentimental internationalism of free immigration but of confident reciprocity without quota — of making our tariff on each country's products of the same rate as its highest rate on ours. Unqualified reciprocity is the goal, for trade will not be free until it is mutually free.

Reciprocity would permit any nation to give crutches of any length to any business which it was foolish enough to wish to protect, by means of bounties. Protection by subsidy would not raise the price and reduce the consumption of the product involved, it would not throttle trade and employment, and it would not be unseen and unrealized, as is protection by trade restriction.

To all who care to listen, the sovereign sea proclaims: "In your surplus is the strength you seek, but only when you dare to trade it!" Unless we take courage and take courage soon, we shall complete the industrial suicide which we have so thoroughly begun.

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SCIENCE GETS THE CONFESSION

BY HENRY MORTON ROBINSON

PRYING OPEN the stubborn jaws of the criminal for evidential data has always been one of the major tasks of the law and one that has rarely been accomplished without an accompanying taint of human dishonor and cruelty. The rack, the pincers, and more recently the blackjack and rubber hose have been the favorite instruments used in this important legal process of "snatching the confession." Six hundred years of western civilization have not appreciably altered the use of torture and coercion in wringing guilty knowledge from suspected criminals. The police still belabor the criminal brain with a sledge hammer to get at its secret, and society at large is slow to believe that any subtler or more effective instrument can be found.

Science, however, always alert for humanitarian advancement as well as economy of effort, has recently developed a number of devices that have proved tremendously successful in plucking desired truths from guilty lips. Practical and humane, they are causing a quiet revolution in criminological circles and, while they are not yet in general use, they seem clearly destined to supplant the barbarous torments of the third degree.

Perhaps the most dramatic and satisfactory of these instruments is the Keeler Polygraph, commonly known as the lie detector. Fundamentally, the polygraph is a device for measuring and recording arterial pressure; in its essentials it is exactly like the sphygmometer that your physician straps around your arm when your blood pressure is being tested. But, instead of the usual dial indicator, the polygraph has an ink-pen attachment which translates changes of blood pressure into a wavy line on an unwinding reel of paper. The suspect sits with the inflated "cuff" of the lie detector wrapped around his arm; the operator asks him questions in a quiet, unhurried voice; and — this is the nub of the whole matter — whenever the prisoner tells a lie, a sudden rise in his blood pressure is revealed by the graph.

But why, you ask, should an abrupt rise in a man's blood pressure be regarded as an indication that he has committed a crime? The answer to this question is found in the physiological changes known to take place in the human body under stress of emotion. When, for example, you are confronted by danger of any kind, your body instantly organizes itself on a wartime basis; millions of fighting red corpuscles leap from the spleen into the blood stream, where they are joined by energizing secretions from the adrenal and other glands. Quick power is rushed to nerves and muscles; these sudden re-enforcements are accompanied by a faster heart beat and a definite rise in blood pressure. (Have you not "heard your blood pound" when assailed by momentary panic?) Now, when a person is confronted by danger in the form of a question the truthful answer to which will connect him with a crime, his reaction is naturally that of fear. He

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fears that the discovery of his guilt will lead to punishment, pain, perhaps death. His whole system organizes for defense, which in this case is the concealment of his guilty knowledge.

But no matter how sternly or skillfully he represses every outward sign of guilt he cannot prevent the involuntary mustering of interior forces. Voice and features may dissimulate, but the indicator of the lie detector reveals that his blood pressure at every critical question is leaping like a mountain goat. The actual confession is secured by asking the suspect to explain, if possible, the weird antics of his blood pressure as revealed by the chart. In seventy-five per cent of cases the subject, on viewing the unanswerable evidence he has given against himself, breaks down. If he does not confess, the collateral leads supplied by the graph are of service in tracking down valuable objective evidence. The lie detector infallibly reveals innocence as well as guilt; in fifteen hundred cases, not a single finding has proved erroneous.

Although legal acceptance of lie-detector testimony in court has yet to be won, many banks and private institutions use the polygraph in ferreting out embezzlers and petty pilferers within their own walls. A Chicago bank had polygraph tests made upon fifty-six of its employees in an effort to track down the embezzler of $5,000. The guilty man was nailed, and a confession secured. But that wasn't all. Nine other employees confessed to petty larcenies hitherto unknown to the bank officials! As a result, an annual polygraph test is now made by the bank on all its employees; initial offenders do not lose their jobs, but, if the lie detector puts its finger on a man twice, he is discharged.

The Body Betrays the Mind

Another type of lie-detecting apparatus called the psycho-galvanometer has been successfully demonstrated by Father W. G. Summers of Fordham University. The principle involved here is electrical. The suspect holds a small metal slab in his hand, and a tiny current of electricity from a single dry battery is passed through his body. He is then asked questions, some innocent enough, others very searching. When he is asked a critical question, a strange thing happens. If he has guilty knowledge of the crime, his sweat glands are stimulated by the marshaling of inner energies to ward off the impending danger of detection. The extra deposit of perspiration on the skin of his hand, slight though it be, reduces his resistance to the electric current passing through his body. This reduction is immediately registered on the dial. It is impossible to beat this machine, for, even though the suspect refuses to answer the question, he cannot control the sweat glands that are shamelessly squealing on him.

I asked Father Summers to try the psycho-galvanometer experimentally on me, and he arranged the following test. I was shown ten playing cards and was asked to make a mental note of one of them, keeping my selection a secret. I chose the deuce of hearts; the cards were shuffled and then displayed to me one at a time. "Is this your card?" asked Father Summers, as each was turned up. I steadfastly replied, "No," keeping my eyes on the gal-

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vanometer dial to see what happened. When the deuce of hearts appeared, I said, "No," as coolly and disinterestedly as possible, but the indicator shot up like a jack-in-the-box. After two repetitions of the test, I broke down and "confessed" that I was lying about the deuce of hearts.

"So you see," said Father Summers benignly, "if one perspires over a little thing like a playing card, what would happen if a real crime were being concealed."

A simple but highly effective method of getting a confession with no instrument but a stop watch is the word-association test devised by Professor H. R. Crosland. This test does not actually reveal a lie; instead, it shows a very strong consciousness of guilt, which can probably be used to lead to a confession. In seven tests Professor Crosland obtained confessions in five cases of stealing, one of forgery, and one of cheating in examinations. The procedure, which is especially successful with homogeneous groups such as office forces or the members of a club, consists essentially in getting a suspect's reactions to a list of a hundred words, among which are twenty relating to the crime under investigation.

Suppose, for example, that a wallet containing a hundred-dollar bill has been taken from a drawer in the office manager's desk. Someone in the office has stolen it, and the whole staff is obliged to submit to the test. A list of words is prepared somewhat as follows: circus, black, milk, *$100*, fire, *desk drawer*, diamond, house, *wallet*, roof, and so on. The suspects are examined individually, but in the presence of everyone else, and, as each word is read to them, are required to answer with the first word that comes to mind. The normal time reaction per word is about two and a half seconds; anything longer than that shows that a selection is being made or that there is an emotional disturbance that prevents a prompt reaction. Also, if a suspect makes strange or far-fetched word associations, these too are noted. The individual "scores" are tabulated and compared; innocent parties are soon eliminated; and the culprit is eventually run down. I was present at an experimental demonstration of this method at Columbia University, when Professor Mortimer Adler unerringly selected from a class of fifty students the person who was "guilty" of a prearranged crime. Thus far, the courts are inhospitable to evidence gathered by the word-association test, but this does not bother the criminologist, who realizes that thirty years must elapse before his scientific methods displace the roundsman's heavy boot.

The psychology of color is used in the mirror confession chamber, quite the antithesis of the medieval torture cell. The walls of this confessional are mirrors; the suspect sits in the center, and is questioned through an aperture in one of the walls. As the examination proceeds, the lights inside the room are gradually changed to a greenish tinge; the prisoner, unaware of the altered illumination, sees only the characteristic hue of guilt upon his face. Glance where he will, the mirrors throw back his sickly, guilt-colored reflection; he thinks his ghastly complexion has already betrayed him, so he breaks down and tells all. This chamber has been particularly successful with neurotic and ignorant prisoners; the first type is unable to withstand the suggestion of guilt spread greenly over the features; the second is unable to diagnose the trick and so tumbles into the trap.

Two devices not as yet fully developed as crime detectors are the pneumograph and the oscillograph. The pneumograph has been successfully used in conjunction with the Keeler polygraph; it measures the respiratory or breathing rate of the suspect as he responds to questions, thus adding valuable corroboration to the blood-pressure graph. The oscillograph is a camera device that actually takes pictures of sweat-gland reactions as recorded on the psycho-galvanometer. These photographic plates afford the criminologist an opportunity to study at leisure the significance of the suspect's sweating chart and are also serviceable in demonstrating ultimate conclusions to a jury.

The Truth Sleep

Thus far we have reviewed scientific methods of exposing what might be called consciousness of guilt, but criminologists are quick to admit that even the best of these do not always extract an actual confession from certain hard-boiled suspects. For this type of prisoner science reserves the final solvent of

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scopolamin, otherwise known as the truth serum — a mysterious elixir that gets the whole story and gets it straight.

Scopolamin is a drug made from henbane, and a very peculiar drug it is, too. Dr. R. E. House, of Texas, discovered, while using it in an obstetrical case, that scopolamin has the strange power of submerging certain inhibitory areas of the brain, yet at the same time leaving intact the patient's memory, hearing, and powers of speech. Further investigation proved that the brain area submerged by scopolamin was the part normally used in fabricating self-protective stories — in plain language, lies. And so it was established that a person under the influence of scopolamin is in full possession of all his senses, but deprived of the power of inventing falsehoods!

The eminent criminologist Colonel Calvin H. Goddard then made an illuminating experiment to show the uncanny power of this drug in uncovering the truth. Goddard asked one of his associates to write down the correct answers to twenty simple questions: "Do you play bridge?" "Can you read French?" etc. The associate was then placed under the influence of scopolamin, injected hypodermically, and while in the characteristic light coma induced by the drug was read the list. He had been previously instructed to lie as furiously as he could. Nineteen of his replies were identical with the first list of answers, proving that, although he was in full possession of his senses, he was unable to tell a lie about even so simple a matter as his age. The twentieth question however, afforded the most amazing testimony to scopolamin's weird power. The question was this: "Have you ever been arrested for a motor-vehicle violation?" While fully conscious, the assistant had written "No" as his answer. Under the influence of the truth serum he replied, "*Yes, while at prep school in Virginia.*" On waking, he was queried about this contradiction, and declared that he had forgotten all about the incident until the drug brought it back! Scopolamin apparently has the power of salvaging facts and memories long buried in the unconscious.

Laboratory experiments such as this sometimes bring sneers to the handsome features of policemen. To wipe off that sneer I need only cite the splendid practical results obtained by a progressive district attorney, James G. Davis, of Birmingham, Alabama. In a single year there were twenty-five ax murders in his city. Davis rounded up a gang of twelve suspects, administered the truth serum to all of them, and got the whole complicated story in two or three days. He was not permitted to use these confessions in court, but by digging up corroborative evidence on leads obtained through the truth serum he got his convictions.

If scopolamin proved so effective in this instance, why isn't it more widely used to coax confessions from recalcitrant suspects? Why, specifically, wasn't it used on Richard Bruno Hauptmann to clear up the mystery of his connection with the Lindbergh case? The answer seems to be that our courts are traditionally committed to a policy of caution amounting almost to obscurantism in matters of judicial proof. Judges and juries not familiar with, or prejudiced against, the solid bases on which science is founding the new criminology gravely shake their heads and say that Constitutional rights must not be jeopardized by evidence given by blood-pressure devices or by confessions made while the prisoner is under the influence of a drug. There is of course a whispered rumor that the law is jealous of its prerogatives and grimly hostile to the scientific invader. But, be that as it may, the invasion will continue until the last judicial periwig capitulates and the groan of the maimed and manhandled suspect is heard no more in the land.

Next month:
"Profitable Unemployment,"
by J. Blake Lowe

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WRITERS* AND HUMAN RIGHTS

BY MARY M. COLUM

It is probably true of every reader of a review like The Forum that he feels some sympathy for all recently formulated political ideas and all contemporary forms of civilized government. He realizes that every one of them manifests the convictions and even the pieties of honest men and that the new forms represent in their respective societies an effort to correct abuses and to cure disorders consequent on a rapidly changing world. In effect, the intelligent, open-minded reader feels himself in sympathy with certain ideas of communism, certain ideas of fascism; with certain facets of dictatorship and the ordered state. He is in sympathy with many of the new ideas but he also wants preserved what is fine in the old: in the new order, for instance, an hereditary aristocracy is doomed; but why not try to perpetuate the finest of those qualities evolved by an aristocracy or attached to the aristocratic principle? Why not try to preserve the finest of those qualities evolved by any class or division of men, irrespective of whether such class or division is to disappear as time goes on?

Granted such widespread sympathies and interests, how can an intelligent and open-minded man decide what political ideas call forth his deepest allegiance? The best help to a decision, it seems to me, is not to limit one's reading to politics alone but to make a selection, even a haphazard selection, among the contemporary books that represent the major intellectual and spiritual interests of men — religion and morals, poetry and philosophy, politics and science. We are lucky in that amongst recently published books we can find a volume by the greatest living philosopher, Henri Bergson; volumes by two of the deepest political thinkers in English, Walter Lippman and Bertrand Russell; a view of the world by Albert Einstein, the most famous of living scientists; a collection in two volumes of the best poetry in English, beginning with Wordsworth and ending with the major figures of our time, selected by James Stephens. In addition there are any number of books on fascism and communism, some by wise men and some by foolish, from which a reader can make any selection that suits him.

Well, after this course of reading by our intelligent and open-minded man, one could prophesy with nearly every degree of certainty, that he would reach the conclusion that democracy, with all its faults and failures, is the only form of government which can be fairly inclusive; that is, which can bring within itself the real benefits visualized by the others and at the same time leave people with a fair amount of freedom, economically and spiritually, socially and politically. But another conclusion that would force itself upon him is that in no society can we ever again have the nineteenth-century kind of freedom: what the economic-minded people termed *laissez faire* — the policy of non-interference of government in economics — is as dead as any idea can be.

The look of the words *laissez faire* suggests to me that, before going into consideration of why democracy is the form the intelligent, open-minded man would choose, some definitions are in order. I will endeavor to find a meaning for the various terms juggled around in contemporary writing on government, politics, and the class war.

* Editor's Note: — *The books and authors here considered are:* Morals and Religion, *by Henri Bergson* (*Holt, $3.00; not yet published*); The Method of Freedom, *by Walter Lippman* (*Macmillan, $1.50*); The World as I See It, *by Albert Einstein* (*Covici-Friede, $2.50*); Victorian and Later English Poets, *also* The English Romantic Poets, *by James Stephens* (*American Book Co., $4.00 and $3.00, respectively*); Christianity and the Class Struggle, *also* The End of Our Time, *by Nicholas Berdyaev* (*Sheed & Ward, $1.50 and $2.25, respectively*); Freedom versus Organization, *by Bertrand Russell* (*Norton, $3.50*); The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today, *by G. D. H. Cole* (*Knopf, $3.00*).

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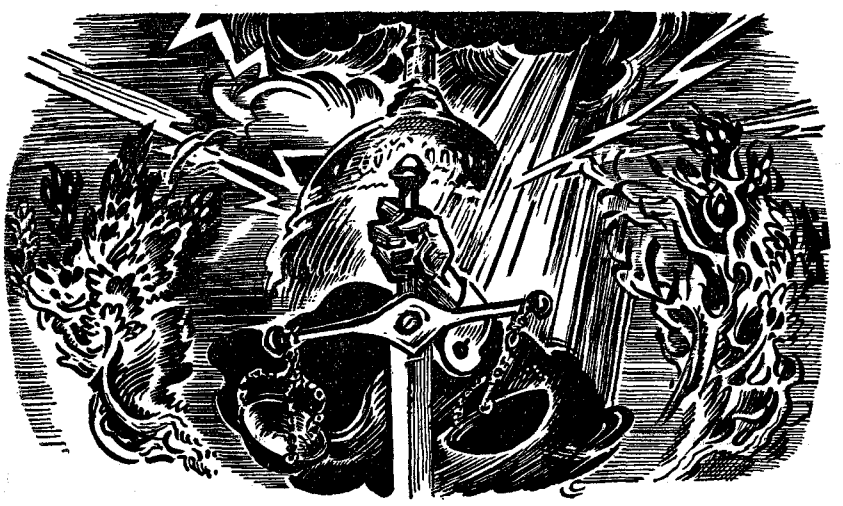

Proletariat and Bourgeoisie

What is connoted by "proletariat"? I take the definition from Walter Lippmann's *The Method of Freedom*. The proletariat comprises "those who do not have property or a dependable occupation which assures them an income for their principal needs. The characteristic of the proletarian is not the meagerness of his income but its uncertainty. He lives in a condition of economic insecurity." While it is the fashion now to use such terms as proletariat and bourgeois only in their economic import, actually these terms have two or more meanings. To the economic proletariat belong a great many who are not of it culturally; to the bourgeoisie belongs economically an array of people whose cultural life cannot be described by that term. "The characteristic of the proletariat is not the meagerness of his income but its uncertainty." The most striking example in American history would be Edgar Allan Poe: belonging to the proletariat so defined, he was one of the highest geniuses the country has produced; his economic insecurity was such that his dying wife, to keep herself warm, had to keep his overcoat across her with a sleeping cat to give heat to her chest.

What is the bourgeoisie? This is a class in which there are more divisions, even economically speaking, than in any other. Writers of the extreme left often maintain that the bourgeoisie came up after the French Revolution. What they really mean is that the industrial capitalist with his origins in the working class came into power after 1789. But the bourgeois as the man of moderate property and with some security existed as a class for long centuries; his importance to the state was carefully considered by Aristotle in the *Politics*. As to what is meant by the term in contemporary political writing, I take the following description from the Russian philosopher who was formerly a supporter of the Soviets, Nicholas Berdyaev: "The bourgeois is a man who is out to get rich by his own personal efforts, initiative, and energy" — in short, he is the man who becomes the industrialist and the capitalist, who, as Berdyaev goes on to say, "produced conditions of work which were more inhuman than those of serfdom and which cannot be justified in the conscience of a Christian." It is very important to consider now what we mean by the bourgeoisie in the intellectual order — what, actually, do artists mean when they make use of the term? The bourgeois of the artist is a negative qualification, marked by hostility or dullness to things of the mind; he can belong to any class. He has, to use Bergson's phrase, "the closed soul," and for that he is as much hated by the artist as the economic bourgeois is hated by the proletarian. Thus we have three definitions of the bourgeois.

The Two Aristocracies

And then we come to the one class for which, economically speaking, there is no definition; for, to quote Berdyaev again, "its status is not conditioned by economics but depends, first of all, upon birth and the good qualities of its ancestors." Here is the man of the aristocracy. "Centuries have gone to his fashioning and his characteristics have been handed on from generation to generation. He is determined biologically and psychically and not economically. An aristocracy affirms the principle of inequality." When an aristocracy has lost its wealth, we can, as Berdyaev says, better perceive the continuance of its psychical properties — not its pride and aloofness but its refinement, its nobility, its wide-spiritedness, its freedom from resentment and pettiness: these are all the qualities that, historically,

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caused an aristocracy to be looked up to.

We now come to the spiritual and intellectual aristocracy — to the class which is not productive in the material and economic order but which is creative in the spiritual and intellectual order. Its members cannot, on penalty of being destroyed and having spiritual values destroyed with them, become servants of any economic or class interests. All the classes have at one time or another been in hostility to this intellectual aristocracy, for they have expected it to serve their interests or, at least, not to oppose them. Socrates, Dante, Gallileo, Victor Hugo, Dostoevsky were all persecuted because they did not serve the interests of the powerful classes of their day; the number of lesser men and the names of those in our day who have been persecuted for opposing the classes in power, from Russia to Spain, would make a very long list.

A Barren Doctrine

Of communism I give the dictionary definition, because of its simplicity: it is that communism is "a doctrine advocating common ownership of property instead of private ownership, government control and management of production, and distribution on the basis of equality and personal need, after all the people have pooled their production in a common fund."

This, needless to say, does not cover everything that communism stands for. If it were all there might be cogent reasons why our intelligent reader might decide to give to it his allegiance. But communism has behind it a metaphysic, and it is this metaphysic which is blighting to the artist, the intellectual man, the religious man, to all who believe in the spirit. This metaphysic is known as the materialistic conception of history, otherwise dialectical materialism, and is copiously explained in Bertrand Russell's *Freedom versus Organization*. Not only does it declare that the production of the means to support life and, next to production, the exchange of things produced are the basis of all social structure — not only does it do this, but the materialist theory takes it upon itself to explain religion, philosophy, morals, art, and literature by the economics of each epoch.

The intelligent and open-minded man of western civilization senses in this dogma an outlook which would bring him to the ant heap. And the holding of the dogma explains the terror and rage which the orthodox communists display when confronted with religion and art and the philosophy of religion and art. It explains the banishment of religion from the communist state, the regimentation of art and literature; it explains Lenin's "Down with the super-men of literature." "Dialectical materialism," said he, "throws the idealist swine who defend God on to the dung heap." Where Hegel defends the idea of God, Lenin in his reading wrote on the margin of the book, "You felt pity for this poor little godlet, you idealist swine."

Now, as religion and art belong to a different order of activity from economics, the intelligent man, without being an Hegelian idealist or any type of idealist, cannot help but feel that dialectical materialism, which gives rise to such outbursts, has no relation to the liberty of the human mind. It need, perhaps, hardly be mentioned that the dialectic which the communists use in the interest of materialism was taken over from Hegel, as was also the fascist idea of the absolute state. It is a pity that both of them did not take over the ideas of Hegel on art, science, and religion — whose aims, he maintained, were not superior to but different from those of the state. These activities, he said, without detaching the individual from society, seek to unite him with the whole world.

The Totalitarian State

And now let us try to make a contact with fascism, which is a society based on the philosophy of nationalism. At the opening it will be enlightening to quote Mussolini himself. "Fascism," he has said, "is a spiritual conception born out of the general reaction of the present century against the materialist and degenerate positivism of the nineteenth century. . . . It is against the materialist conception of history. . . . Fascism rejects the absurd and conventional lie of political equality, the spirit of collective irresponsibility, the myth of happiness and indefinite progress. It affirms the irremediable, fruitful, and beneficent inequality of men. . . . With certain reservations, fascism can be defined as organized, centralized, authoritarian democracy."

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At the basis of fascism, to quote Cole's *Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today*, "is the conception of the totalitarian state, that is to say, of the state as taking up into itself and unifying all the institutions of the national life, private as well as public. . . . For them, the national state is the ultimate being, more real than the individuals or groups which make it up and with an absolute claim upon the loyalty of every one of its members."

All this means, of course, that there can be no free political discussion, no freedom of the press. No matter how much, therefore, the intelligent reader might admire certain of the doctrines and disciplines of fascism which are, in fact, an inheritance of the wisdom of the Roman Empire, of Greek philosophy, and of the traditional philosophy of the Catholic Church, it would be hard for him to become a fascist. And it should be added that fascism believes neither in the possibility nor the utility of perpetual peace.

What Is Democracy?

As to what democracy stands for, I take the description of it given by Bergson in his wise and exciting book, *Morals and Religion*. "Of all political conceptions it is the furthest removed from nature, the only one which transcends, in intention at least, the conditions of the closed society. It attributes to man inviolable rights, these rights to remain inviolate and exact from all an unalterable fidelity to duty. It takes, then, for its material an ideal man, respectful of others and himself, taking upon himself obligations which he holds to be absolute, so that one can no longer say whether it is the duty which confers the right or the right which imposes the duty. The citizen thus defined is at the same time legislator and subject; the ensemble of the citizens is then sovereign. Such is theoretic democracy."

Closed and Open Societies

To understand all the implications of this description, one must know something of Bergson's conception of the closed and open society and of the root bond between instinct and intelligence. For the sake of brevity and simplicity I do not quote his words literally, but give a *resumé* of his meaning. Intelligence and instinct in their rudimentary form interpenetrate each other and become dissociated as they develop. The instinctive society, the tribal society, was the primitive organization which excluded outsiders, was indifferent to the rest of mankind, and was always ready to defend itself and to attack. This was the closed society, human society as it came from the hands of nature — in fact, the perfect example of the closed society. Our modern civilized, intelligent states are far removed from the tribal, instinctive society, but they are also closed states, for they also are exclusive, to an extent, of outsiders and in time of war or crisis they revert again to the instinctive stage. There are to-day examples in Europe of the intelligent state reverting to the instinctive state. We may say, nevertheless, that we have varying degrees of the closed state, each having advanced some way towards the open state. The open state, the open society would be the one which would include all humanity without any exclusions. This, like democracy, is an ideal which we can only approach.

We will understand now what Bergson means when he says that democracy is the only political conception which transcends the conditions of the closed state. This makes a special reason why the intelligent man visualized in the beginning of this article will be for democracy, though he will at the same time have to take into account many criticisms of it. The most obvious and at the same time the most searching of these criticisms I give in the words of the Russian, Berdyaev. "Democracy is indifferent to truth because it has left its discovery to the votes of a majority, for it is only on condition of ignoring or not believing in truth that one can accept quantitative power and revere the opinion of a crowd. . . . The majority may be for error and untruth, leaving truth and rightness to a weak minority. . . . It is indifferent to the essence and direction of the popular will and has no criterion whereby it may judge its tendencies or decide the worth of the will itself." The same objection has been voiced by Mussolini: "Fascism denies that the majority, solely through being the majority, can direct human society."

The Will of the People

Let us acknowledge at once the validity of these objections and admit that at present

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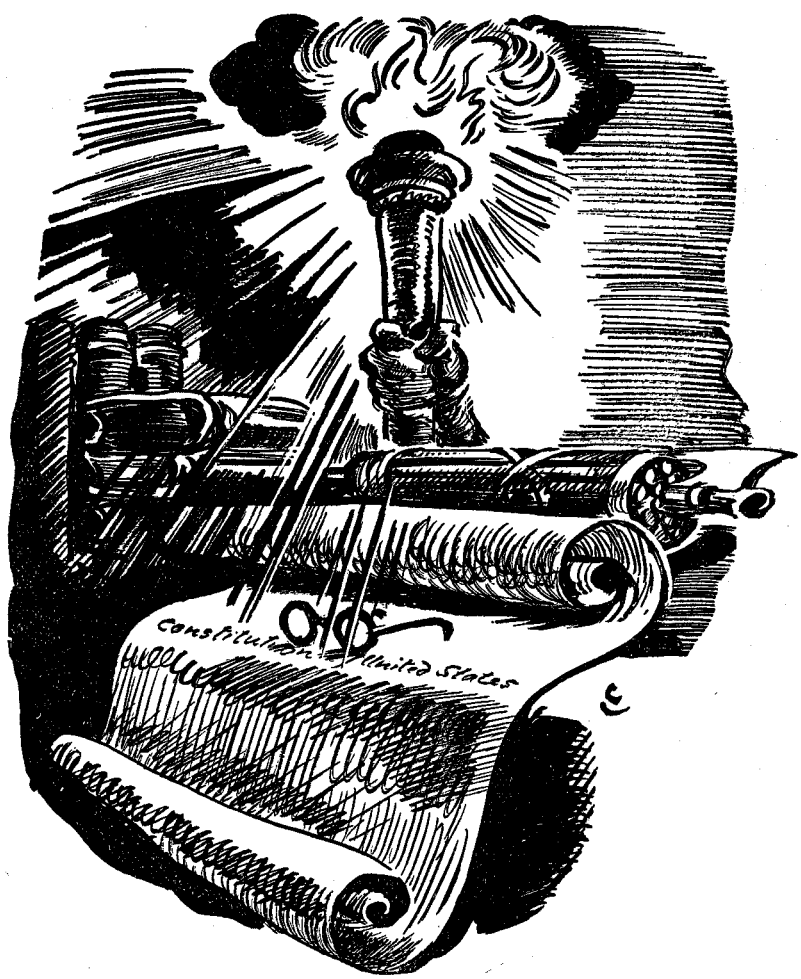
there is no recognizable way by which the worth of the will of the people can be assessed. And in a new country like this it is not only difficult to assess the worth of the will of the people; it is even very difficult to recognize, except superficially, what the will of the people is. In old, homogeneous countries the will of the people is revealed in the whole history of the nation and is reflected in its culture; like every other great force it is shown in instinctive and unconscious ways. It is expressed for the many by the few in a country's art and literature; it is expressed in its religious beliefs and in that unwritten tradition which goes to form the character of every state. We might go so far as to say about this country that the will of the people is only in process of formation; that its direction has been shaped historically on only one of the lines of democracy — political equality; that it is not fixed on what liberty may ultimately mean or what fraternity may mean but is open to new conceptions of them. Because the past has not fixed the will of the people, an American democracy can take over ideas from the communist state or the fascist state without any necessity for revolution or overthrowing of the past. The old countries, no matter how intelligently they tried to transform themselves, are shaped and have to be shaped by their pasts. Hitler may be different from the Kaiser and Stalin from the Czar, but there is something in their respective governments characteristic of the Kaiserdom of the German Empire and the Czardom of the Russian autocracy. The French notion of democracy, with its special emphasis on equality, had that same conception of equality through all its history, as a political observer like Edmund Burke noticed before the Revolution. The sort of fraternity that Russia seems to be trying to develop shows itself in all Russian literature, even in the relation of lord and serf; as (to mention only one example) we can see in Gogol's *Dead Souls*. The sort of individual liberty that is a passion in England, unaccompanied by any direct notion of either equality or fraternity, has its roots far back, and is expressed in the poetry of Langland and Chaucer and in the sagas before them again. That is, the expressed will of any people has its roots in an unconscious will noticeable through all its history. This unconscious will can, as has been indicated, fully exist only in integrated countries with a long past behind them. Unlike these old countries, America is neither helped nor hampered by the fact of a long past and an anciently evolved will. Granted that democracy is only an ideal, a road in which humanity is walking, it is a road on which the new countries can advance farthest.

That everything of value in communism or fascism can be introduced into a free democracy is a conviction that I think will be more and more strengthened by a reading of Walter Lippmann's *The Method of Freedom*, a short book of a hundred fourteen pages, which, I



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think, should be read by everybody who believes in the potentialities for development in democracy. The fact that in a democracy like America's men are starving while others of no greater or even of less importance to the state or to humanity have control of vast wealth which ought to be public property — this has generated the idea in many minds, particularly young and striving minds, that human rights and property rights are incompatible. But nearly all political thinkers have agreed that private property is the original source of freedom. Now what is private property? If we accept Lippman's definition as simply "substantial security of income necessary to existence," most people, whatever political label they attach to themselves, can accept the notion of private property. A man or family must feel economically secure, must feel also that no private person or enterprise or corporation can exploit the sources of supply for its own aggrandizement. This is really what all non-fanatical people with a real conception of liberty demand.

Lippman's Free Collectivism

It will be said that in the modern world collectivism, or the assumption by the state of the responsibility for the operation of the national economy, has come to stay; and it will be asked what form collectivism can take in a democracy. As an alternative between the economy of the *laissez faire* state and the economy of the regimented state, Walter Lippman offers what he calls free collectivism, a method of social control "which is not *laissez faire*, which is not communism, not fascism, but the product of the experience of the English-speaking countries." It provides both for individual initiative and collective initiative, and he calls it the Method of Freedom. It can be said of the English-speaking peoples, that of the three shapes which make the complete form of democracy, liberty, fraternity, and equality, liberty is the one to which they have especially attached themselves and which, for that reason, it may be assumed they know most about. It is obvious that the modern authoritarian states, far from believing in liberty as one of the conditions of human progress, either do not believe in it at all or believe in it only in such weak and diluted form as is permissible in states organized in the military pattern.

I hope I have written enough to convince my readers that democracy, above all, American democracy, which has not upon it the dead hand of the past, can be developed so as to include all those growing rights and to satisfy all those demands that a citizen is entitled to make on the government of his country, the first of which and the one on which all others depend is that he should have sufficient food, clothing, shelter to be able to begin to call himself a free man. As to the books which may help the reader to come to his conclusions, there are many besides those listed here. If the reader has time for only one of the books, I would recommend that this be *The Method of Freedom*, because its author is one of the soldiest living political thinkers, without prejudices or fanaticisms, and for the especial reason that he believes in that liberty which all intelligent men realize to be one of the conditions of human happiness and human progress. The ideal he envisages is the security of the free man "as against all principalities and powers of the world." If the reader has a longer time at his disposal, there is perhaps no book written in this century which will repay him more for the reading than Bergson's *Morals and Religion* — it is one of the great books of our time. While it is not as easy reading as a popular outline of thinking, it is probably as easy reading for the educated person as any of the books on politics. If the reader has a good deal of time he will find Bertrand Russell's *Freedom versus Organization* a necessary complement to Lippman's book, because it gives the histories of modern democratic movements and of socialism and communism, with a penetrating criticism of the ideas on which they are based. While Einstein's *The World as I See It* does not seem to me to be as important as I have seen stated in the reviews, it is especially valuable for our thesis because of the beauty and the humility of his statement of a scientist's belief in the democratic ideal.

Mrs. Colum will appear again in the February issue.

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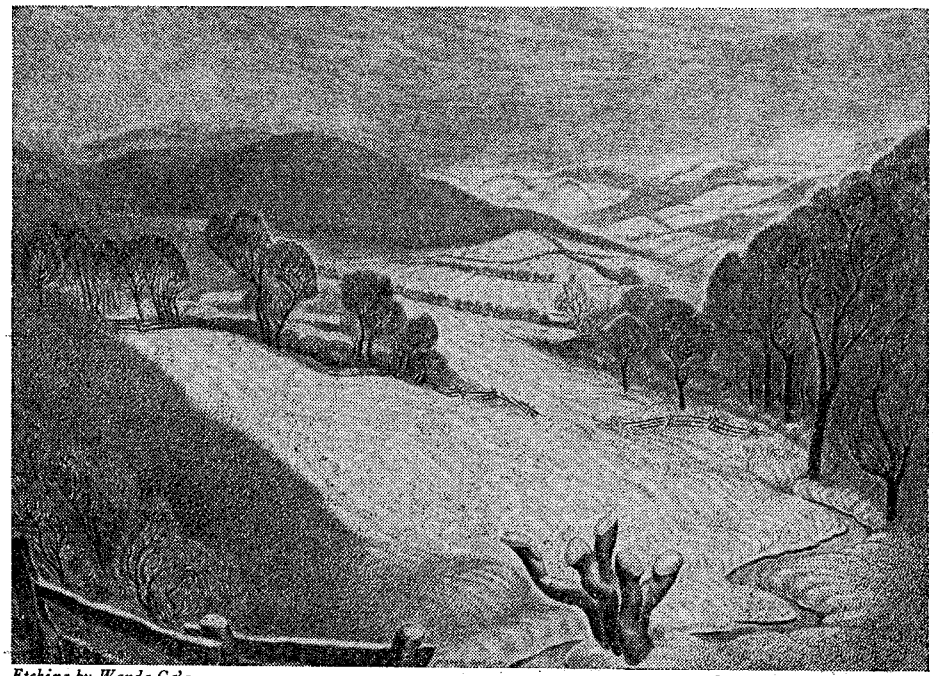

Etching by Wanda Ga'g *Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery*

Snow Harvest

Suddenly the night
gave birth to snow
white whispers took the world

The horses of the wind
shook harness
neighed and charged

And there were sounds
far off and shuffling forms
gestures and calls

Of men at work
the streets were fields
thronged for harvest

because the snow

was falling,

making a sieve

of the wind,

making me glad.

CHARLES NORMAN

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WILL THE BRITISH MONARCHY SURVIVE?

"No"—JOHN STRACHEY

"Yes"—L. S. AMERY

Monarchy Is Doomed, Says Mr. Strachey

"THE FIG leaf of autocracy" was the name given by Karl Liebknecht, the pre-war German socialist, to the impotent Imperial Reichstag.

Not, it would be quite incorrect to suggest, that the British Monarchy was the fig leaf, the only and exiguous cover, that is to say, for the autocracy of the British ruling class. On the contrary, the British ruling class exercises its power behind several opaque screens, of which the Monarchy is only one. The British statue of absolute class dictatorship is not, like the old Imperial German one, a nude at all. As befits the modesty of the British tradition, it is a draped figure, shrouded in the folds of a democratic, if conveniently ambiguous, constitution and decorated by a well established, if not very illustrious, monarchy.

The British Monarchy is, then, one of the political institutions which the British ruling class has found, and still finds, it convenient to maintain. This is the historical origin of our Monarchy. If ever there was a political marriage of convenience, it was the establishment of the present British Royal House. This arrangement, known to history as the Hanoverian Succession, was entered into just over two hundred years ago by the English Whig nobles and the House of Guelph, then hereditary Electors of Hanover. Poor King George I fully realized the nature of the arrangement. He complained that, while in Hanover he had subjects who considered it a religious duty to serve him loyally, in England he "had to pay a set of rascals" (the Whig nobles who had put him on the throne) "not to cut his throat." And a marriage of convenience between the British upper classes and the House of Guelph (now Windsor) the Monarchy has since remained. It has been, from the point of view of both parties, a satisfactory arrangement, but the efforts which have from time to time been made to pretend that the British Monarchy is an ancient and popular institution, "founded deep in the hearts of the British people," have always had something particularly forced about them.

Efforts at the simultaneous popularization and sanctification of the Monarchy are now being made by the British ruling class on an extensive scale. Any rational and realistic discussion of the Monarchy is now impossible in the British press. To mention the subject at all, except in a sort of hushed, reverential tone of voice, is said to be in bad taste. All this is quite a new development. One does not have to go back even so far as the eighteenth century, when the Commons were passing resolutions that the royal power "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished," in order to see that British writers and speakers even up till the end of the nineteenth century discussed and attacked the Monarchy quite freely. It is interesting to remember, for example, that that extreme imperialist, as he became, Joseph Chamberlain, began his career as a strong republican, who did not hesitate to say what he thought of Queen Victoria.

Those were sturdier times, however. The ruling class to-day feels that it must create, if it can, a myth of sanctity round the Monarchy. Nor is there the least difficulty in understanding why this should be. When the ruling class felt secure, when capitalism was in its vigorous youth, when there was not the slightest immediate danger of the system's breakdown, then there was no harm in questioning and discussing any one of the institutions by which it was maintained. But to-day, when the very

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existence of the whole system is called in question, its defenders feel that they must support every part of the structure. Especially they feel that the prestige of the Monarchy may yet be useful to them in maintaining their hold over the minds and hearts of the hard-pressed workers of Britain.

Accordingly, we must not think, when the British Conservatives tell us that it is bad taste to discuss the Monarchy or to demonstrate how the King and the Prince of Wales are used in the English political struggle, that this means that the Conservatives themselves will abstain from using the Monarchy for all it is worth for *their* political purposes. *They* do not hesitate for a second to do what they find so shocking in their opponents, namely, "to drag the Monarchy into politics." The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke and Duchess of York, and even the young Princess Elizabeth are all publicized by the daily press like so many film stars. Intensive efforts are made to "put over" the everyday personalities of these personages on the widest possible scale. For it is hoped that the British workers will forget their present sufferings, because their minds will be filled with gratitude to some member of the Royal Family for inspecting the factory in which they work (if they are still so lucky as to be in employment) or for driving through the streets of the dreary industrial town whose pavements they tramp when unemployed.

II

The Prince of Wales, in particular, whose personality provides rather more promising material for publicity purposes, is kept busy touring the various areas of mass unemployment. One sees pictures of him in the press and the news reels walking endlessly through the drab sheds which have been put up to serve as "recreation rooms" or "centers" for the unemployed. His job is to smile perpetually and every now and then to go up to some unemployed man, shake him warmly by the hand, and ask him how he is getting on. What good these activities do to either the unemployed or the Prince is not apparent. Whether, indeed, they any longer even serve the purpose of the British ruling class is not certain. It is hard to believe that a man who has been living for several years on a twenty-five-shillings-a-week dole can be appreciably reconciled to the capitalist system by being vouchsafed a sight of a young man who is given tens of thousands of pounds a year for doing nothing which can be of the slightest benefit to anyone (except to capitalists).

The King and Queen are used in much the same way, but less intensively. It is, no doubt, round the Prince that the chief plans and hopes of the ruling class center. The Prince of Wales appears to be a young man of the fascist type, and there is little doubt that, if ever the British ruling class considers it necessary and finds it possible to scrap democratic forms and establish its open dictatorship on fascist lines, the Prince of Wales will be used. But even in this case the Monarchy would not play the leading rôle. In the fascist system there is very little limelight to spare for anyone but the dictator himself. The fate of the Italian Monarchy affords us an example. The King was used in 1924 to open the road to power to Mussolini (he was induced to refuse to sign a proclamation of martial law, by the existing Liberal government). But, as soon as Mussolini reached Rome, the King receded into the background, so that to-day one almost forgets his existence. The same thing, no doubt, would occur in similar circumstances in Britain.

The open and ever growing use of the Royal Family for Conservative political propaganda purposes is, however, doing one thing. It is making it perfectly clear to even the least politically minded worker that the Monarchy is an integral part of the existing social system in Britain. Hence the future of the British Monarchy is identical with the future of British capitalism. As long as one lasts, so will the other. Both will be overthrown together. In the meanwhile the Monarchy will be used for all it is worth as a psychological prop.

How strong, then, is the Monarchy's hold on the imagination of the British people? I believe that the legend which is assiduously spread in the British press of a great body of spontaneous loyalty and enthusiasm for the throne amongst the British masses is completely false. The attitude of the average British worker to the Monarchy is one of indifference. It is perfectly true that many Conservative tradi-

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tions have a strong hold on the workers in Britain; it would be idle to deny it. In spite of all that has happened within the last ten years, there remains a considerable faith amongst the less intelligent British workers in the ability of the governing class to give them work and prosperity again. That faith is fostered by their conservative trade-union organizations and by many of their own political leaders. Only the steady impact of events, the steady worsening of their situation, can undermine this faith.

This faith in economic recovery is an incomparably more important factor than any enthusiasm which they are supposed to entertain for King George V. The popular press has, no doubt, been able to work up a considerable, though superficial and snobbish, feeling for the Royal Family in the middle class, particularly amongst the lower middle class. It is always perfectly possible for the press to provide an adequate crowd and adequate cheers when any member of the Royal Family appears. But it is completely erroneous to suppose that this means that the Monarchy has any real hold amongst the masses in Great Britain.

Hence it is not probable that the Monarchy, in spite of the efforts of the press, will play a very important part, one way or the other, in the decisive class struggle in Britain. When the British workers are driven, as they will be, to become revolutionary, they will not feel that they are attacking the Monarchy as such. They will know that what they have to do is to take the fields, factories, and mines of Britain from the capitalists and landlords. They will know perfectly well that the private monopoly of these means of production is just as possible in a republic as in a monarchy. They will know that just the same task faces the French, German, and American workers as faces them, in spite of the fact that there are no kings in those countries.

At the same time, it is inconceivable that the British Monarchy will survive an instant after the overthrow of the British capitalist class.

The Monarchy Is Our Perpetual Symbol of Liberty, Replies Mr. Amery

To UNDERSTAND the part played by the British Monarchy in the constitutional life of the United Kingdom and of the British Empire, it is necessary to recall briefly the stages by which it has attained its present characteristic and indeed unique position. The starting point and initial condition for the development of that system of ordered freedom which is the common heritage of Britons and Americans alike was the strength and authority of government. Thanks to the organizing genius of her early Norman sovereigns, England enjoyed, centuries before the rest of Europe, a homogeneous and efficient Government under one permanent and undisputed authority, the Crown. No feudal anarchy was enabled to lift its head against the Sovereign in order to exercise a narrow but infinitely more grievous tyranny over a smaller field. At an early stage all Englishmen were substantially equal under the King. The very exaggerations of the royal power united them in resistance to its pretensions.

What was peculiarly characteristic of the growth of British freedom was that, while it asserted itself from step to step against the arbitrary power of the King as an individual, it endeavored throughout to safeguard the authority of the Crown as an instrument of efficient government. It was established that

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judgment could be given only through duly appointed judges and in accordance with the law of the land. But the right of the Crown alone to appoint judges was never disputed and holds good to-day. It was gradually recognized that taxes could be imposed only in agreement with the representatives of the nation after due ventilation of their grievances. But it was never disputed that the Crown alone has the right to tax, and to this day no member of Parliament, other than a Minister of the Crown, is entitled to propose a tax or the increase of a tax.

Yet, for all the desire of Parliament to recognize the rights of the Crown, conflict was inherent from the beginning in a situation which confronted an irremovable executive with an independent representative body without whose concurrence it could secure neither legislation nor revenue. In the seventeenth century the conflict led to a civil war in the British Isles. In the eighteenth it led to a civil war in the American Colonies which ended in their separation.

Meanwhile in Great Britain the problem was solved on more conservative lines by the gradual recognition, on the part of the Monarch, of the practical advantage of choosing as his ministers for the conduct of government members of Parliament enjoying the confidence and support of a majority in the House of Commons. In this way the historic continuity of the monarchical tradition was not only preserved but enabled to develop in a new and fruitful direction. The Monarchy itself, divorced more and more completely from all responsibility for the controversial day-to-day issues of politics, was free to become more and more the symbol and embodiment of the unity and continuity of the national life, the focus of a common loyalty transcending party differences, the representative of the nation in every ceremonial relationship whether at home or to the world outside. On the other hand the Crown, as the instrument of executive authority, was, without loss of efficiency, harmonized in increasingly intimate co-operation with an ever widening representation of the people.

II

THERE IS no country in the world more democratic than England to-day, in the sense that its government is more completely in touch with the wishes of the whole body of its citizens, or more concerned with the interests of its humblest member. On the other hand, England has never accepted either democracy or even Parliamentary government in the sense that the individual citizen is regarded as the ultimate repository of power and authority, electing delegates who, in their turn, select and control a government. In constitutional theory as well as in form the executive in England is still His Majesty's Government. He is appointed by the King, who himself decides what statesman he will invite to undertake the responsibility of the Premiership.

The decision may usually be obvious. But it is by no means always so, and there have been not a few instances in recent times where the Monarch has exercised a real choice or cast his influence in favor of a particular solution: the selection of Lord Rosebery in 1893 and of Mr. Baldwin in 1923 and the establishment of the MacDonald-Baldwin National Government in 1931 are well-known instances. In none of these cases was there any question of the previous consultation of the Parliamentary supporters of the ministers chosen.

Similarly the summoning or dissolution of Parliament depends not on Parliament itself nor, with certain general limits, upon any automatic procedure. It is for the Crown to decide when it thinks that a Parliament has outlived its usefulness or does not represent the national wishes, and to order its dissolution. The decision is one normally taken by the Prime Minister, not without an eye to the interests of his party. Direct refusal by the Monarch of a dissolution asked for, or insistence on one not asked for, has not taken place for generations in this country, though it has not been unknown in Dominion parliamentary life. But it would be quite incorrect to say that it would in all circumstances be unconstitutional. The attempt, for instance, of a majority to prolong the life of Parliament beyond the normal period for purely party ends is the most commonly quoted instance of the kind of case in which the dormant powers of the Crown might constitutionally be revived in order to maintain the essential spirit of the constitution.

The view of the British Constitution which I have set out is, I believe, both true and

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generally accepted. But it is not unchallenged. There is an alternative view, that government should be the direct outcome of election, selected and controlled by the party which has secured a majority, and that any forms implying monarchical authority or discretion are mere archaic survivals to be tolerated only so long as they represent no element of underlying reality. It is the view held, more or less definitely, by the Socialist Party and advocated in its extreme form by Sir Stafford Cripps, who contemplates a Socialist government appointed and continuously controlled by the Socialist Party Caucus, sweeping away all obstacles to the immediate establishment of a socialist régime, whether in the shape of Parliamentary debate or of the resistance of the Upper House or, in the last resort, of the Monarch, whose functions he frankly envisages as those of a "rubber stamp," if they are to be allowed to survive at all.

Which view is to prevail? We have only to look round the world to see in every direction the demand for efficient and national-minded government sweeping away parliamentary systems based upon the conception that government is by delegation from below and exists for the promotion of party ends. That demand is no less strong in England. It was responsible for the overwhelming support given to the National Government in 1931. It will re-assert itself with even greater vigor if the next election should result in the return to power of a government inspired by Sir Stafford Cripps' ideals. It will not, however, I believe, express itself in the establishment of anything in the nature of a fascist régime. Such a reaffirmation will for us naturally center round the Monarchy, as the traditional focus both of executive authority and of national unity and continuity. My conclusion, therefore, is that, without serious shifting of the wisely undefined border which separates the functions of constitutional monarchy from ministerial responsibility, the general authority and influence of the British Monarchy are likely to grow rather than diminish.

III

So far I have dealt with the position of the Monarchy from the point of view of the United Kingdom alone. But the Monarchy is even more important as the only common element in the constitution of the numerous and infinitely varied states and communities that make up the British Empire. For the vast majority of the peoples who dwell in that Empire, the conception of any other form of government than one based ultimately on personal authority and on personal loyalty is wholly beyond their intellectual purview. Even in that inner circle of autonomous and highly developed communities which constitute what is now described as the British Commonwealth of Nations, it is difficult to see how their fundamental constitutional unity could be expressed in any other form than that of an hereditary monarchy. The mere thought of the election of a British Empire President is enough to demonstrate the inherent absurdity of the idea. For the British Empire, even more than for Great Britain, the Monarchy is the visible symbol and embodiment of our historic growth, of our present unity, of our common loyalty, and of our hopes for the future.

But the Crown is much more than a mere symbol of our unity. It is also a very real constitutional and organic bond of union. It is essential to remember that the unity of the Monarchy in the British Empire is not a mere personal bond, such as once bound England to Hanover or Austria to Hungary. It is the indivisible unity of a common Crown to which all British subjects stand in the same relation.

As subjects of a common Crown, all inhabitants of the Empire owe loyalty not only to their sovereign but through him to each other. All the parliaments of the Empire are parliaments whose members are by their oath of allegiance reminded that, alongside of their immediate obligation towards their own constituents, they are also under an obligation to reconcile those interests with the wider interests of all their fellow subjects. His Majesty's Ministers in the different governments of the Empire are fellow servants of the same Sovereign, and as such, in a very real sense, colleagues, as is well understood by any of us who have ever taken part in any Imperial Conference. The same applies to all the fighting and administrative services: they are all, in one aspect, members of a common service and comrades in a common task. That obligation of mutual support and co-operation which flows

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from the fact of a common Crown, constitutes, so to say, the Common Law of the Empire — an unwritten Common Law, enforced not by any central authority but by the free action of all the governments and peoples that live under the Crown.

It is in the light of these considerations, and of the history of our constitutional evolution that we should judge the tremendous experiment upon which the British Empire has deliberately embarked in recent years — the experiment, I mean, of leaving the future maintenance of our Imperial unity to the free cooperation of entirely independent national governments and of parliaments based on entirely separate national electorates. To those whose conception of political unity is based on the existence of a common federal machinery, the experiment must seem fantastic and doomed to failure from the start. I would, however, remind my readers that, if anyone had ventured to suggest two hundred years ago that you could put the control of the executive in the hands of party leaders depending on a partisan parliamentary majority and expect any sort of stability or cohesion of government, the suggestion would have been scouted as an absurdity. It has, in fact, proved an absurdity almost everywhere that it has been applied as a ready-made scheme. It succeeded in England because it grew up by degrees and because at every stage of its growth the consciousness of a national responsibility, embodied in the responsibility of ministers to the Crown for carrying on His Majesty's Government, exercised its potent steadying influence. Is it too much to hope that the same sense of responsibility towards a common Crown for maintaining our common unity may continue to prove effective.

It is not without significance in this connection that the successive stages of the evolution of the self-governing Dominions towards equal, independent nationhood within the Empire have been marked by their more direct association with the Crown. The Governors General have ceased to represent, for any purpose and even in the most purely formal way, the Government of the United Kingdom. They represent the King alone, and it is with him and not with any British Government office that they communicate. The Statute of Westminster, the Magna Carta of the new Dominion status, declares expressly that no partner in the Commonwealth can change the style and titles of the King without general consent, a declaration which implies that Great Britain itself could not constitutionally become a republic without the concurrence of the other members of the partnership.

IV

I HAVE endeavored to indicate to my American readers the many factors, historic, constitutional, and sentimental, which have preserved the British Monarchy and the British Crown as a unifying and inspiring principle in our national and imperial life. I have purposely kept on one side one purely personal element. But my picture would be utterly incomplete if I did not refer, if only in a sentence or two, to the individual contribution which successive sovereigns have made to monarchy. Queen Victoria became, for the Indian soldier or the Basuto chief, for the Lancashire workman or the Ontario farmer, in the truest sense the mother of all her peoples. Her two jubilee celebrations mark the first milestones in the history of the modern movement for imperial unity. King Edward was the embodiment of English democratic good humor and common sense, as King George has personified the cheerful and unostentatious fulfillment of duty in anxious and troubled years. The vivid interest of the Prince of Wales in all that concerns every class and type of his fellow citizens of the Empire at home and across the seas is only further evidence of the growth of a tradition of royal duty and sympathy which, in itself, is no small element in strengthening the deeply rooted and enduring fabric of the British Monarchy.

This personal relationship between the British Monarchy and the peoples of the British Empire has been greatly strengthened in recent years by all those developments of science which enable not only the likeness but every mien and motion, every inflection of the voice of an individual to be spread and multiplied so that he may be visible and audible, as a real living presence, to countless millions. On such an occasion those deep-rooted instincts which have sustained our Monarchy in the past are quickened to strengthen it by new loyalty and affection for the problems of a new age.

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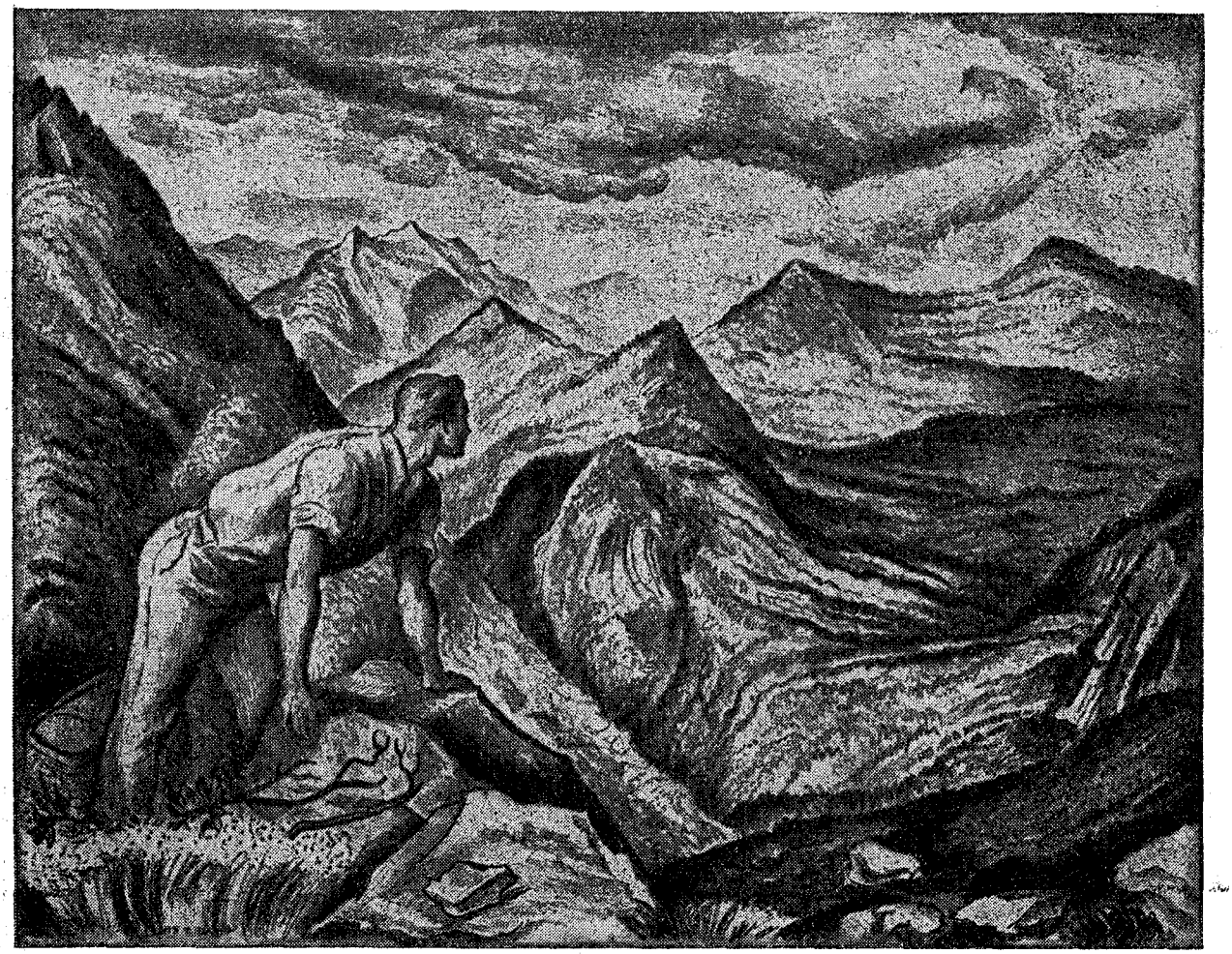
TWO ETCHINGS

For Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road"

BY LEWIS C. DANIEL



Now I re-examine philosophies and religions,
They may prove well in lecture-rooms, yet not prove at all under the spacious clouds and along the landscape and flowing currents.
Here is realisation,
Here is a man tallied — he realises here what he has in him,
The past, the future, majesty, love — if they are vacant of you, you are vacant of them.

Only the kernel of every object nourishes;
Where is he who tears off the husks for you and me?
Where is he that undoes stratagems and envelopes for you and me?

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THESE are the days that must happen to you:
You shall not heap up what is call'd riches,
You shall scatter with lavish hand all that you earn or achieve,
You but arrive at the city to which you were destin'd, you hardly settle yourself to satisfaction before you are call'd by an irresistible call to depart,
You shall be treated to the ironical smiles and mockings of those who remain behind you,
What beckonings of love you receive you shall only answer with passionate kisses of parting,
You shall not allow the hold of those who spread their reach'd hands toward you.

OF THE progress of the souls of men and women along the grand roads of the universe, all other progress is the needed emblem and sustenance.

FOREVER alive, forever forward,
Stately, solemn, sad, withdrawn, baffled, mad, turbulent, feeble, dissatisfied,
Desperate, proud, fond, sick, accepted by men, rejected by men,
They go! they go! I know that they go, but I know not where they go,
But I know that they go toward the best — toward something great.

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I WAS A RICH MAN'S SON

BY CROSWELL BOWEN

I AM A member of the lost battalion of ex-wealthy men's sons.

You can catalogue me as one of those young men who have "had advantages" — a refined upbringing by a good family, an expensive education, numerous charge accounts, a checking account, extensive travel, and frequent invitations to wear a white tie and tails and associate with nice girls.

I made all the contacts which, it was said, would be so valuable to a young fellow in the interlocking realms of business and social life after leaving the protecting shade of the elm trees at New Haven.

In general, you might say that I possess an excellent Background.

But that's about all I possess.

I am barely managing to keep the dispossess notice away from my apartment door. I eat because I am still invited out to dinner and I still wear the suits and overcoats Abe Rosenburg made for me five years ago when I was yet a gay undergraduate.

To-day I am just another bright young man under thirty trying to get along in the world. I am neither an unemployed failure nor a salaried success.

I have a job, support myself, and am single because I am too poor even to consider marriage. Although I earn only $22 a week, I find some consolation in the fact that my job was worth $60 to $75 a week before the collapse of the white-collar-worker market.

I feel lucky even to be permitted to work. Many of my classmates and friends from other universities are either totally unemployed, earning virtually nothing as salesmen on commission, or employed in menial jobs which make few or no demands on their educated brains.

What really amazes and troubles me, however, is a little problem in addition which I recently performed. I discovered that my upbringing and education had cost my father around $30,000. The education and upbringing of some of my friends, I subsequently learned by inquiring, cost twice that. Inasmuch as $30,000 invested conservatively would yield an income greater than many of our present salaries, I am wondering these days if it was all worth while. Would I have been better off if I had taken the cash (in trust) and let the education go?

I am also wondering if it is worth while to continue each June to grind out of our American universities thousands and thousands of expensively and classically educated young men and women? Is it fair to let them go on thinking, as we thought, that they are preparing themselves for a world which is eager and willing to use their trained minds, their fresh ideas, and their ideals?

In any case there should certainly be a little more discussion, a little more enlightenment, a little more facing of the facts on the whole matter. We want to know, first of all, if those who are holding the reins of government, business, and industry are going to make intelligent use of the results of the time, effort, and money spent for our education and training. Are we needed? Are we wanted?

By relating our experiences and observations I can perhaps clarify the reasons why we are asking questions. Then, too, perhaps those parents who are worrying about whether it is worth while to make sacrifices to send son or daughter to an expensive prep school, finishing school, or college this year may find the answer here.

What we have to say ought to interest at least those young men who still "walk the studious cloisters pale."

So what do we think? And what are we doing?

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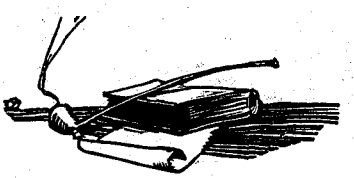
We Took Things for Granted

First of all we are getting rid of a set of cockeyed ideas, phony ideals, and unsound theories in acquiring which we have spent the greater part of our lives, up to this point. At least if we have any sense we are, and I think most of us have a grain of that.

We have learned that being graduates of Harvard, Yale, or Princeton; Amherst, Williams, or Dartmouth; California, Notre Dame, or Pennsylvania; or any other football-publicized institution does not automatically bring us jobs. Nor are executive positions lying vacant, waiting to be filled by good-looking young graduates of "one of the better universities," whom the wives of tired business executives find clever and amusing. In fact we are gradually learning that there are not and probably never will be nearly enough executive positions to go around among all of us.



We ex-members of *la jeunesse dorée* have learned the painful lesson that a background of luxury is a definite and awful handicap in making our way in the life of to-day.

We are finding out that family influence or pull can hold us back in our jobs; that in many instances pulling strings seems to prevent us from getting jobs at all. Few jobs in business these days are sinecures. It seems that in business you do not get anything for nothing. You either deliver the goods better and cheaper than anybody else or you get out.

Take my case for example. It constitutes a fair index to the cases of many boys in my class.

My parents believed that nothing was too good for me. They were ambitious for me and taught me to aim high. First of all I was sent to a swanky New England preparatory school for six years. The tuition was $1,500 a school year, extras not included. And there were plenty of extras.

Later, during four years at Yale, the tuition, books, room, and board amounted to about $1,000 a year. But I was given an allowance of $250 a month for other things — movies, theaters, parties, week-ends, and the like. Father was always generous about paying railroad fares, tailor, shoe, tutoring, and hotel bills, as these were what we called necessities. Of course lots of fellows did not have allowances as large as mine. But some of my friends received allowances or incomes of $500 to $800 a month and spent them — easily.

We took everything for granted. We never bothered to think where the money was coming from and least of all whether anyone had to work hard to earn it. Money we considered a nuisance necessary to a gentleman.

Sometimes we looked forward into that misty future when we would begin our careers in the great outside world. What exactly would we do when we got out of college? Few of us had any definite ideas. We acknowledged the probability that we would start in "at the bottom" and "work up" at some such measly salary as $100 or $150 a month. But within a few years, we naïvely thought, if we were not making $5,000 to $10,000 a year we would be just out-and-out failures. We thought in terms not of what we were best qualified to do but of what we could do that would bring us the most money in the shortest time.

We observed with satisfaction that corporations were advertising for men in college publications and sending their big executives to New Haven to interview members of the senior class. Football players and seniors prominent in campus life received six and eight offers of jobs from corporations and bond houses. We came to feel that big business needed us.

Wealthy financiers and industrialists, flush with the new prosperity, lavished gifts on the universities. Education became cheaper and more pleasant, only to result in college men becoming a drug on the labor market. Education for all; jobs for few.

Bright college years. It is sometimes painful to look back. To think that I used to spend $50 and $75 on a single week-end in New York or Boston. To-day I find difficulty in scraping up my $30-a-month room rent.

We spent our week-ends going to proms at girls' schools and colleges or *débutante* parties in New York, Boston, and Hartford. At one such party in New York I became friendly with a prominent Wall Street broker, an uncle of the girl for whom the party was being given. We stood in the private bar and drank cham-

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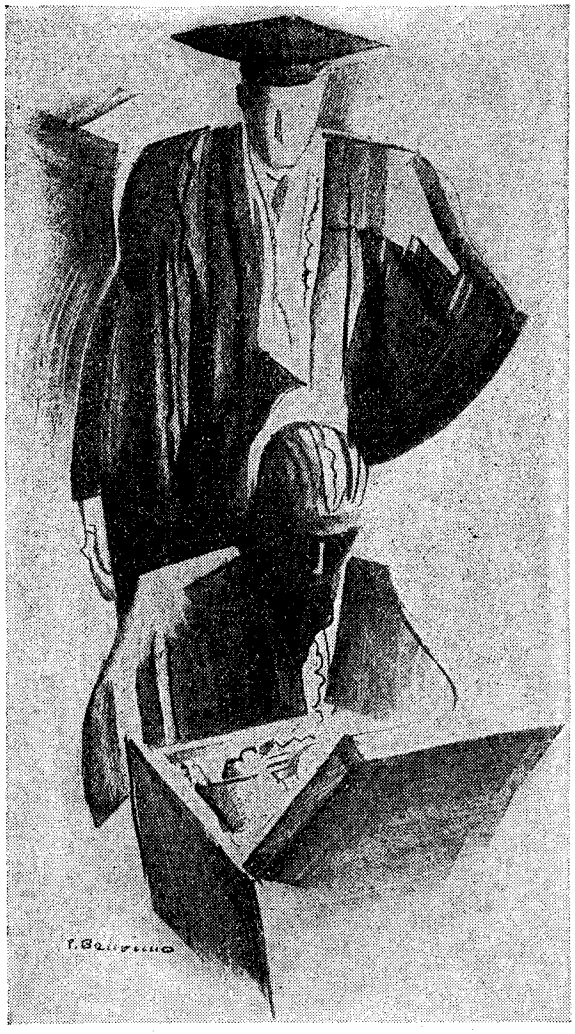
pagne (selling at $20 a bottle in those days) while he waxed sentimental over his Eli beer and crew days. He seemed to like me. We met many times later, and he offered me a job in his firm. He said they were expanding and needed new blood. I was delighted, for it was quite the smart thing in those days for Harvard, Yale, and Princeton men to go "on the Street."



THE SHAKEDOWN

I GRADUATED the following June — 1929 — and sailed immediately for Europe and the Grand Tour. I was to go to work the first of the year and considered my future entirely settled.

One of the countries I visited was Soviet Russia, and I decided while there that the communist system was the bunk. The people were badly dressed, the bread was all black, and red tape tripped you at every turn. Yes sir, capitalism was the thing. Look at America. Booming!

I returned to Paris in October, 1929. One morning I got up, bought my *Paris Herald*, and sat down for my *café au lait* on the terrace of the Café des Deux Magots. I read that the stock market in New York had declined rather swiftly the day before. Probably a technical matter, I thought, which would hardly affect either the basic prosperity of the country or my plans.

I arrived in my home town in the Middle West for Christmas. My family, I found, was worried about finances, but not terribly. Things seemed about normal. There were the usual holiday parties with the usual heavy drinking. The younger set was as fast and as gay as ever.

After New Year's I took train for New York and called on my broker friend for the promised job. I was now ready to go to work. He was very, very glad to see me and took me to lunch at the Yale Club. At the dessert he told me he was cutting his staff fifty per cent and cutting the salaries of the remaining employees. Now, he said, was not the right moment to start work on the Street. Wait awhile until things return to normal.

A disappointment, but I would take something else. I presented myself at the Yale Placement Bureau, located at the Yale Club. (This ceased to function a year later because there were too many college graduates and no jobs.)

My first job was learning to sell life insurance at $35 a week. But I quit when the Sales Manager wanted to write a letter in my name to all my classmates, asking for their business.

Then I floundered about for some time. It seemed that I was worth no more than my so-called contacts. How much business could I swing as a result of my college and social friends? I came to hate that word "contact" because it seemed to cheapen all friendship.

Finally I landed a job in one of the big corporations. Father was a friend of a vice president. It was rumored about that I had a drag, was a friend of old T. J., and was being pushed. After a year old T. J. was ousted in a depression shake-up, and I soon followed.

I was back on the street again, and it was not Wall Street.

On top of this I received a letter from Father telling me that things were going badly with him. The banks had called his loans, and he had finally been sold out at his brokerage

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house. His own business was losing money. In short, he could not support me any longer. I now went out looking for a job wherever I could find one and soft pedaled the fact that I was a college man.

I learned a lot while I was out of work. I learned that not only does the world not owe you a living but it expects you to fight like hell for the chance to make a living. There were times when I did not have enough to eat and one period when I had no place to sleep, but that's a story in itself. It's strange, the people who will help you when you're in a bad way; and, stranger still, those who won't. Those were dark months.

Finally I got a job at $17 a week handling furniture in a furniture store. One day when all the salesmen were at lunch or smoking I sold several hundred dollars' worth of furniture to an educated young couple, just married. It was easy. We spoke the same language. I did not try to sell them. Rather I helped them find what they wanted, and we compared notes on what we thought was in good taste.

The manager was pleased, gave me a $5 raise and made me a salesman. He seemed to think I possessed some magic for selling. Later he let me help solve some of the store's merchandising problems and write a few ads. I will say that my success in this respect was probably due to my having learned in college to use my mind a little.

So Now What?

Since then I have taken a great interest in the way other young men like myself have been managing to live, in what they are doing and thinking. I find, first of all, that they have been affected as a class by the depression just as the generation of fifteen years ago was affected by the World War. Whereas its members were shell-shocked, we have been depression-shocked. Where their subsequent reactions to catastrophe were heavy drinking and the flaunting of sexual freedom, we have reacted to the economic upheaval with despair, loss of faith in our economic organization, and generally chaotic thinking.

Of course those of us who are employed at all are better off. A job seems to help solve most problems — economic and mental. But there are still too many young college men out of work. You only have to examine the records of applicants for jobs these days to know this.

It is tragic to see some of them, educated, charming, and eager; their principal fault seems to be that they were brought up the sons of rich and influential parents. I see them sometimes in bars, pausing in their search for jobs or just waiting — waiting for something to turn up or for times to get better.

I meet many others behind the counters of department stores. How we would have shuddered in the old days if the thought had struck us that any Harvard or Yale man would ever come to sell neckties or stew pots or to be a carnation-lapeled floorwalker. The head of one of the largest and most progressive chains of department stores in the country recently stated that he could get all the college men and girls he wanted at $18 a week — and he does.

I know a Harvard man and a Yale man who have joined the uniformed police and fire departments of New York. Never mind which man joined which department. They like their jobs, and their wives give cocktail parties on their days off.

A pretty young matron of my acquaintance has a butler with a master's degree in engineering from M. I. T. I know a graduate of the Harvard Business School who is selling furniture on the installment plan, a man with a doctorate in music from Harvard who studied in Paris and Berlin and is to-day selling radios at Macy's.

Only forty-five per cent of the chemists and architects in the country are employed, according to statistics. One lawyer in every four is not making a living wage. Two out of three doctors are earning little or nothing and spend the majority of their working hours serving gratis in free clinics. Recently, in New York, eight hundred unemployed journalists replied to an ad asking for a news writer. And so it goes in all the professions.

Because of one of the silliest of all our naïve credos, our generation bids fair to become extinct. We were emphatic in our conviction that no gentleman could or would marry on less than $500 a month — unless he were not quite a gentleman and married a girl with more money than he. To-day, because we are poor,

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we have drifted out of the habit of even thinking about marrying.

Many young couples, unable to stand living together on small incomes, have been divorced; while those who live at home, with the parents of either, fare little better. I know many engaged young men and women who have been postponing their marriages year after year, waiting "until times get better." Those of us who live alone struggle along amid humble surroundings as best we can. But I do know many chaps who are happily and congenially married to girls born with tin spoons in their mouths. You can learn a lot from working girls that you didn't learn at home or in college.

In looking over my generation I have made one observation which has been confirmed time and time again. We have definitely been turned towards the left. Many of my friends, thoroughly disillusioned and embittered by their unhappy experiences since leaving college, have not only renounced capitalism but have sought to throw themselves into the cause of the working classes by joining one of the radical movements. I went through such a stage myself. Seldom, however, does this course seem to bring other than disappointment. Radicals do not appear greatly interested in disillusioned and maladjusted young *bourgeois*. They demand that the volunteer prove himself first, as did Karl Marx and John Reed. They suspect his motives. Why? Probably because they have worked in factories for the fathers of such young men.

Thus the proletariat of young bachelors of arts finds itself without anything to which it may cling. There are no gods to worship.

We have much to learn and many more years in which to learn it. We need sympathy and understanding. For our generation found itself shoved out into a world being blasted by a hurricane. Nearly everything we had been taught, everything in which we had been told to place our faith has been swept away. We have become confused and bewildered.

But we have lived through trying times and we have profited something thereby. For there is a new deal in reverse for college graduates. There is a sharp slump in snobbishness. Silly prejudices against college people engaging in certain types of work are passing. No longer does the *Alma Mater* serve as a springboard to a highly paid executive position. College men are lifting many prosaic jobs out of mediocrity. The man is raising the level of the job rather than the reverse.

But we have not known all these things for long. That was our sin. We were kidded. No one told us the truth. (Perhaps no one knew it!) And if we ever have any sons, we will certify that that particular mistake will not be made again. We want with all our hearts and souls to believe in and have hope for the future of ourselves and our children.

Conquered

Though I may try, I never can forget you;
My thoughts are like an oat-field after rain,
Some unseen hand opposes their proud straightness,
And bends them all the same way once again.

ELVA-MAE JENKINS
Vermont College; Burlington, Vt.

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WHY BE A CLUB WOMAN?

BY LOUISE HOWARD FERSTER

I AM QUITTING the field of federated women's clubs. For eight years I have served the club women of our community. Higher offices and honors are within my grasp. I do not want them. I am giving up the post I now hold and definitely retiring from all federated club activities. The reason is simple. I have weighed the federations of club women and found them wanting.

For the last eight years I have been a professional club woman. Not professional in the sense of having received any remuneration for my efforts; on the contrary, my club activities have cost my worthy husband many dollars. But professional in the sense that practically all of my time, my most diligent and earnest application of mental and physical abilities have been in behalf of women's clubs, first in individual clubs and later in a city federation.

Has it been worth while? No. I am leaving the field of federated women's clubs feeling that important accomplishment in influencing the civic life of our community or positive action toward human betterment by means of social reform is not possible through club channels.

I do not mean to say that women's clubs have no value. Many clubs, especially in towns or small cities, perform distinct and worth while community services. They offer a chance for wider social intercourse and a certain sort of mental stimulation. But—as an outlet for organized womanhood toward reforms affecting women and children and the home—they are a failure.

My club experience followed the usual course. When my only child no longer required most of my time, I looked about for interests outside my home. Living in a small suburban community, I gravitated, naturally, into the local women's club. There I met the experiences which cause me still, in spite of later disillusionment, to believe in the individual club woman—her alertness, her wish to know and to do. I still think that many individual clubs fill a certain definite need.

In our own, I found the opportunity I needed to make new friends, to learn how to work with many different types of women, to try my wings at writing and public speaking. I consider the years I spent as president of that club valuable in experience to myself and in service to others. The community projects we started then still continue, visible, tangible, and lasting results of our efforts. But they are purely local, social, and slightly educational in value. And I have come to the conclusion that that is the extent of the influence possible for women's clubs.

With a local success to my credit, it was natural that the federation of women's clubs in the near-by city should find work for me to do. I served on federation committees, filled various chairmanships, hovered for some time on the fringe of what I thought were major federation activities. I missed something vital without quite knowing what I expected, thinking the charmed inner circle of higher officers must be dealing with weightier problems than appeared to the rank and file of the members.

When I was elected a member of the executive committee, I was thrilled. Now at last, I thought, we will be working with big problems. We will have our fingers on the civic pulse of a great city. I felt humble and grateful and proud. After two years as a member of that committee, I am leaving the federation with a sense of exasperated frustration, feeling bewildered, let-down, and a little silly. I have withdrawn my name from the list of nominees for higher office, because I feel that further federation effort will be simply a further waste of time.

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II

Our city federation has as members one hundred and thirty clubs, representing some twenty thousand women. We delight to point with pride to these twenty thousand women. But they are not a force. They are a myth. Twenty thousand women, if really organized and intelligently interested, are a potential power. With leadership and a cause, twenty thousand women could achieve just about whatever they set out to do in a large city, but in our federation those numbers do not mean a thing. The power exists on paper only. The officers are not militant, and the members care little about general federation activity.

During my connection with the federation it has not accomplished one worth while thing which any individual club could not have done alone. It has been a sort of a glorified departmental club, and nothing else. No civic problems have been solved nor even intelligently and thoroughly studied. Nothing of a controversial nature is debated; any free expression of opinion contrary to the belief of the majority of the board is looked at askance and "shushed." Any woman who vigorously sets forth ideas or suggests action about anything outside the sanctity-of-the-home-and-virtue and the more ladylike kinds of uplift is promptly and effectually squelched. I thought at first it was because of a preponderance of reactionary sentiment among the federation officers. But I have come to the conclusion that part of the difficulty is inherent in the structure of the organization.

I now think that the idea that federation means strength is a fallacy — at least for women's clubs. The machine is too unwieldy. The clubs composing it are too diversified in interests. Committed by its very nature to generalities, the federation is powerless to be specific enough to be effective. And there is a great weight of tradition governing the operation of the organization. Suggestions of innovations are interpreted as lack of reverence for tradition — insurrection, in fact — and are met with an impenetrable defense.

This stifling of originality, of any attempt to deal aggressively with vital problems accounts for the fact that the most able women leaders, some of them formerly interested in the federation, are now working in other, smaller groups whose aims are more definite and intensive. The very program of the federation causes a dissipation of effort, because it is too all-inclusive.

I believe that the state and national federations suffer from the same ills that beset our city group. They generalize, sidestep, and fall back on platitudes about the betterment of human lives. And what do they do about it? At the recent General Federation meeting in Hot Springs, there were discussed *for the first time in the history of the General Federation* such controversial subjects as birth control, old-age insurance, selective sterilization. Imagine it — this great national organization of women has never before dared even to *talk* about social reforms so deeply touching the lives of women and human welfare.

I sought some gleam of hope in the convention of the state federation of women's clubs held recently in our city. But I did not find it. Four less inspiring days of intensive activity could hardly be imagined. The president of the national organization gave an address titled "The Federation Marches On." It was a clever talk, stirring, moving, and touching on many facets of present-day life. But I found not one idea in it to point to and say, "There! That justifies the marching on of the federation!"

At a dinner during this convention I found myself sitting beside a distinguished-looking woman who proved to be a past director of a state federation in the east. I asked her, "Why have a federation?" She looked blank. "Why," I insisted, "do clubs federate into city and state organizations? What can or do they accomplish thus, that they could not do alone? What justifies the expenditure of time and money?" She flushed a little. "You know," she said, "I have often thought I would think up a good answer to that question but I never have."

Our city federation is patterned after the state and national federations, with practically the same departments. Is the trouble in the basic plan? Have other states and cities met their problems more intelligently? Is there any way of releasing the potential power of federated clubs, turning it into productive channels? I took these questions to several women for-

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merly prominent in the federation — now in other activities. I asked them, "Can something be done about waking the federation to the realization that power for civic betterment of our community lies in its hands?"

The answer was "No" from all of them. "Nothing. It is a hopeless task." They all agreed that aggressive leadership could not be developed in the present system. The sense of exasperation among these women was universal and identical. And all felt that leadership in civic matters was not possible for women's clubs.

"Club women are not good leaders because they are not good sports," said a woman magazine editor. "A serious defect in the policy of both state and general federations is their unwillingness to co-operate with other groups or share credit with other organizations. If federation leaders are approached by leaders of other groups with a service plan of any sort, instead of co-operating, they will probably say, 'We are doing all of that sort of work that needs to be done in this community,' or, 'We are planning that sort of thing ourselves'— and they had never thought of it before. The club leaders want to do a thing first or not at all. They are afraid that some other group of women will have credit which they covet for themselves. I have seen this happen repeatedly."

III

I CARRIED my questions to business men, to editors of newspapers. The federation is not held in esteem by them. Their charge is that no intelligent attempt at study of civic problems is made, that fear of criticism prevents action on controversial questions, that the organization seems to exist simply for the sake of organization. "The federation board," said one editor, "is simply an honorary society for prominent club women — a nice social distinction."

"Club women cannot meet a civic emergency intelligently or courageously," said one civic-minded citizen. "We have had a serious and shameful epidemic of vandalism in our city. A point was reached when citizens were not safe in the city streets, because of private feuds of gangsters. Indifference and inefficiency on the part of our city government seemed apparent.

"The newspapers called on prominent club women for expressions of opinion. Privately, they thought it was awful. Publicly, few had anything to say. Would their organization do anything about it? Well, they might take it up at their board meeting next month! Or, the answer would be, they had no committee to which they could assign such an investigation. The attitude is—'We don't want to get mixed up in such a messy business.'"

A single note of enthusiasm was sounded by one of the younger newspaper men, an experienced reporter on one of our daily papers. "The only club woman I ever worked with who was worth a damn," he said, "was Mrs. H——, and she was *great;* intelligent, fair, fearless, she went right after what we wanted." And did I ever laugh and laugh! Because I know that that woman marked time for two years in the federation ranks, anxious to work; that she brought several good plans to the executive committee, and was deliberately kept out of any important job by that body, because she was too aggressive!

"What you need is younger women," said a newspaper woman long familiar with club activities in our city. "In many cases the older club woman is not trained for large responsibilities. She makes her decisions from emotional, not intellectual, deductions. She finds it impossible to be impersonal. Get the younger woman, who has a modern background and college training, in the federation ranks." But we do have a junior group, and it has never been satisfied with its opportunities under the federation régime.

I have come to the conclusion that among women, at least, civic achievements are a matter of individual energy, foresight, and ability. All an organization can do is to lend background, a framework, prestige for the woman who has ability and courage. But a federation of women's clubs offers no such advantages to a leader.

Women's clubs are valuable in their place. But let them keep their place and not pretend to an importance they do not merit. My advice to any talented young woman with a desire to work for a cause is to get out of women's clubs as soon as she has learned the elementary lessons they have to teach and never to enter the "wider" field of federated club activity.

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THE TVA — A NEW WORLD BEGINS

BY KATHERINE GLOVER

Drawings by Ralph Martin

A STATESMAN a few years ago picked up a map of the United States, ran his fingers down the chain of the southern Appalachian Mountains, where six million Anglo-Saxon people live, and said, "I feel the Lord is saving up those people against a time of special need."

That time seems to have come. I felt when I went down into the Tennessee Valley that I was seeing Creation — a new world beginning and a fresh chapter of Genesis being written. It is all happening so rapidly and so magically that it is like a picture thrown on a screen at high speed.

If it is likely there may be visible now certain projections and rehearsals of what America is to be in the future, then the Tennessee Valley appears to be one of these rehearsals. There are other places in the country where the new America is in the making, but nowhere is it so obvious, so large-scaled, so dramatic as in this basin of the Tennessee.

You can stop as we did one day, in driving through the valley, at one of those native cabins of weathered logs and mortar, half-tumbling on its foundations and yet with that beauty and grace of the primitive that those mountain homes have. It was set against hills thick with laurel, still faintly pink with the late blooms. One slope was cleared for a corn patch, where two women were at work, bending over their hoes under the brazen midday sun. On the crest of the hill in the shadow of a clump of pines were the gravestones marking the resting places of those who had lived before in this cabin and dug in that same corn patch and ended their days of labor.

The old woman who greeted us from the porch was like the cabin itself — plain, rugged, worn thin with living — that was Granny Stubbs. She and her daughter, Mag, and Mag's children are among those who will be moving to make way for this new world that's building. In a few months, part of this valley of the Clinch River will be flooded, and Granny and her progeny and their neighbors, who are the very bone and sinew of these hills, will be finding new homes.

One member of our party who was not a "furriner" ventured to ask Granny how she felt about leaving. She gave us a sharp look through the steel spectacles dropped low on her thin, finely shaped nose: "Same's you would, I reckon, if you'd seen the sun risin' and a-settin' over these mountains nigh on eighty year', and yer mammy and yer pappy and yer gran'pappy before yer. It'll rise and set, I reckon, the same on yon side the ridge where we're a-goin' but 'twon't never look the same."

Shifting her snuff stick from one side of her mouth to another she added, "The young uns mebbe'll sprout in new earth, but I'm too old fer sproutin'. Seems 's if there's a sight er land

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in this country to build dams on; the gov'ment could 'a' picked some other besides this. We ain' a-pinin' fer change."

Before our visit was over Mag's daughter, Tilda, came down from the cornfield. Her cotton dress was clinging to her shoulders with sweat, and the strands of blond hair curled tight against her temples under a weather-beaten hat of an ancient mode, but she greeted us with a quiet poise that made no apologies. Seeing the guitar hanging on the wall of the bare cabin, we asked her to play for us.

"I cain't pick much," she said, as she took it up, but her fingers, rough from hoeing and weeding, touched the strings lovingly as she sang an old ballad of the hills which had been brought from across the seas by her ancestors and kept alive in the hearts of these mountain people. The minor strains were as plaintive as the sound of the wind in the pines.

She sat there on the porch of the cabin and sang that song to us, who had come from the outside world, with an utter lack of self-consciousness, with the same simple grace with which a child might stoop and hand one a wild flower from the field. When she had done, she took us back of the house to show us a crude, home-made lathe operated by foot. With this, she and her mother, when they were not busy in the field, made really beautiful chairs after a fashion handed down in the family. This brought in almost the only cash they knew. Beside the shed, over a fire, was an iron pot where the clothes were boiled after being washed in the creek at the foot of the hill.

Here was a life untouched by that of the world outside.

Almost the only time a light broke over the girl's stolid face was when she spoke of moving to a neighboring county. "It'll be interestin', I reckon," she said in her slow drawl. Granny Stubbs' prophecy was right — "the young uns mebbe'll sprout in new earth." They are "pinin'" to change. The world has been brought too close by roads and automobiles and radios. Jim, Tilda's brother, is already working on the dam at Norris.

II

"THERE'S A SIGHT er land in this country," as the old woman said. Why should we choose this spot on which to build dams, the Valley of the Tennessee to start a new world?

There are enormous natural resources in the forty thousand square miles of the Tennessee Valley area, aside from the agricultural resources. There are deposits of coal, metals, clays, and almost every known variety of mineral, worth, according to government estimates, $300,000,000. But these resources are not concentrated in a few places; they are well distributed over the countryside as though it were intended that their benefits should be shared. Thus the very topography of the land lends itself to small communities and therefore makes smaller industries logical.

The whole set-up of this region seems propitious for co-operation instead of competition, for the development of small units of industry rather than large, for a balance of industry with agriculture. These are the foundations on which the new America will be built.

Until very recently, large sections of the country and the population were isolated because many of the roads were hardly more than trails, but modern methods of road building have changed that. The highway makes this new experiment possible. And cheap electrical power will be the second great instrument.

The story of the Tennessee Valley will be the story of power, but of power for people and not for profits.

There is no record to tell us how far back in history men's imaginations have played about Muscle Shoals, which is the starting point of this story. Perhaps even the red men felt the lure and romance of the potential power, for the islands in the river near the shoals reveal the traces of one of the earliest Indian civilizations. And since the war Muscle Shoals has been the El Dorado of American hopes — the hopes of Big Business and of Little People who believed in the fairy tales of speculation. For miles around to-day are markers of the plots which small investors purchased under the siren spell of real-estate showmen. But they look more like gravestones than the beginnings of the great city that was to be. The signposts of the streets, ambitiously named, have sunk into the marshes, and the crickets and the frogs are the sole dwellers along those avenues. Neither little investors nor Big Business could foresee a changing world. And

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so fast has history moved that the Muscle Shoals of that earlier day seems already as much a part of the past scene as the cowpunchers and the faro banks of the old West.

The two great plants built by the government for the manufacture of munitions have lain idle for years. The first one was useless by the time it was completed, and before the second was finished the war was over. Plant No. 2, as it is known, was suggested for the manufacture of nitrates for fertilizer instead of nitrates for munitions, but the politicians (nudged by Business) turned down their thumbs. Moreover there was a cheaper way to get nitrates for the soil, it was found, by the simple method of planting legumes, which make their own nitrates from the air.

In the new history which is in the making at Muscle Shoals, this plant is already at work on the manufacture of cheap phosphates for fertilizer. Phosphates are the greatest need of this southern soil, and farmers have never been able to purchase it cheaply enough to afford to use it. And Plant No. 2, built for the destruction of life, is diverted to the preservation of life, and a new version is written of the turning of swords into plowshares.

Already the power house at Wilson Dam is feeding out current to little towns and villages in Alabama and Mississippi and Tennessee at a rate that may become the yardstick for the whole country.

And besides Wilson there are two other great dams under construction in the Valley, Norris in Tennessee and Wheeler in Alabama. Two more are in prospect. Their potential energy is staggering. These dams will not operate separately but will supplement each other. Norris and the other dams at the headwaters of the Tennessee will provide a reserve. The Norris plant (whose reservoir, flanging back into the lesser valleys like the fingers of a great hand over an area of eighty miles, will hold a year's rainfall) will generate power only when the water is slack at the stations lower down on the river.

With this energy harnessed from the streams, the burden of labor will be lifted from the backs of men and women, and a new life will begin for them. For residents of little towns, for dwellers far back in the hills this power will mean heat, light, comfort, greater capacity for work, the operation of machinery for farms and factories.

The old agrarian South and the new industrial civilization meet in this valley. Where industry has come in it has been to exploit. It has taken the forests and the minerals and utilized power from the rivers, taking the profits and leaving the people stripped and helpless. Rivers they insolently lifted out of their beds, carrying the water for miles in sluices to power sites and leaving the dried, rocky beds barren, worthless.

There is Ducktown, near the border of Tennessee and North Carolina, where there are rich copper deposits in the earth. You get the breath of sulphuric-acid fumes like the breath of hell for miles before you come in sight of Ducktown. And then you see it, like a bald red gash in those beautiful hills. In the process of smelting the ore and in making sulphuric acid everything living has been killed, every sprig of grass or shoot of tree, for an area of ten miles, leaving only the bare red hills, seared with ruts and gullies.

People live there because people don't die as easily as trees. The unpainted shacks of their houses cling tipsily to the sides of the empty hills. If it were not for those houses you could believe you were looking at a picture of the moon, with its craters and valleys, a world quite dead.

The story of the land is one of even greater tragedy. The people in this valley have always farmed, and they go on farming, although there are twice as many people trying to get a living from the soil as it will support. The topsoil was once rich and fertile, but it has been worn down by erosion and by the continuous planting of cotton and corn, corn and cotton.

The South has used only one of its ten talents, the one talent of cotton. And when it has turned from one-crop agriculture it has usually been to one-crop industry in the cotton mill. The time has come to bring out of the napkin the other nine talents.

The great forests that covered this region thirty or forty years ago have gone the way of forests all over this country, fed to the paper and lumber mills. And this has hastened the loss of the topsoil. Trees were once the natural protectors against erosion and floods.

We have the paradox here in this valley of a

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people poor in the midst of great riches, which is the paradox of America.

III

When President Roosevelt created the Tennessee Valley Authority it was for a single long-range plan in a single area for a different way of life, as a kind of national laboratory. He appointed three men to direct the experiment, possibly because no one man could encompass the whole vision. He made them responsible for a small government within a government. The Tennessee Valley Authority is "a corporation clothed with the power of government but possessed of the flexibility and initiative of a private enterprise." The three men who direct it have very different talents, but they have one thing in common, they are definitely men of the new America. Each one has spent most of his life in developing some idea which is essential to the new order. One of them, an engineer by profession, was the founder of a new system of education that breaks with the traditional, denatured brand turned out by the academic colleges — Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, who founded Antioch College. Another has preached a new economics for the South, based on a balanced industry and agriculture, one supporting the other — Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan, for years president of the University of Tennessee. And the third has seen the vision of power for the people and fought against its monopoly by private interests. This is David E. Lilienthal.

Each one of these ideas is essential to the other in the experiment of the Tennessee Valley. The great dams now building would be useless without intelligent care of the land. If soil erosion were not checked, the waters back of the dams would be choked with silt within a few years. And agriculture cannot succeed without a new type of industry. For both agriculture and industry, power is necessary. And the whole of the structure will fail without human beings who understand, who can cooperate.

The picture is there of a new world in the Tennessee Valley, the men who live by it are there, and the creation has begun.

Norris is the hub of physical activity at the present time. It is the new town they are building near the Norris dam. A little more than a year ago it was all peaceful woodland, and a short time before that no one had dreamed of this that is happening there. Roads leading to it have been cut and paved. For miles about you meet clouds of dust in the wake of trucks carrying men from the near-by towns and hills to work on the dam and the town. You catch the hum, the swing, the thrill of activity. Men are at work on the roads; they pile out of the trucks coming from the dam and form a cue leading to the cafeteria. They are young, most of them, but not all, and strong and clean, with big bodies and a look of independence. That is the contagion, maybe, of building this new world. You think of Walt Whitman, how he would have loved these men, with the soil of new earth on their clothes and the stamp of a new day in their faces.

These, then, are really men.

We sat at a long table for lunch in the cafeteria, and it was hard to eat, because we liked watching the men better. There was one great youth with corn-colored hair and skin as brown as copper, Herculean in his build, awkward and clumsy. His eyes had that deep, unflinching look of the hillsman. He had come from down Murphy way in North Carolina. Beside him were two young sophomores from the Georgia School of Technology, getting part of their training in practical work on the dam. They were on perfect terms of equality with the

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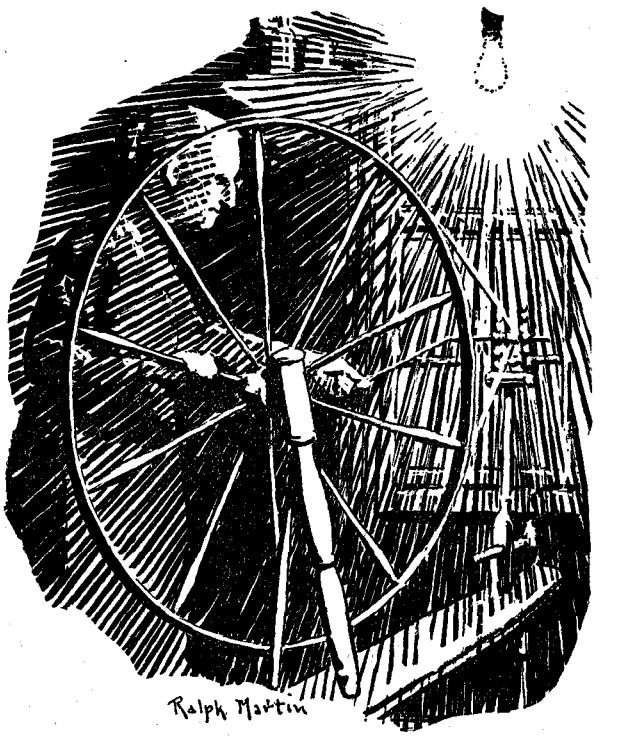
mountaineer boy beside them. On the other side of the table was a lanky, leathery man, fifty years or more, who makes some of the fine metal work for the houses at Norris. He got his experience in a forge of his own in the Smoky Mountains. His son came along with him to work on the dam.

From Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, Kentucky, Mississippi, North Carolina they have come, from those states which will be within the range of this new world. Those who are to live in it are those who are building it.

I saw the two dams in the making in the Tennessee Valley. I saw them by day, with the great shovels dipping and scooping into the red earth; the derricks lifting the rocks; the crushers grinding the stone for the cement; the men drilling, digging, carrying — all the vast output of human and mechanical energy. And I saw them by night, the great flares turning the scene into a place of weird beauty, with the men like tiny pigmies in the bowels of the earth, all working together in a rhythm of obedience to some higher bidding. For twenty-four hours without break the work goes on.

And seeing Wilson dam with the water flowing through its spillways I saw the way the others will look when they are completed. But it was the invisible building that was the most thrilling thing there in the Tennessee Valley. The men who work on the dam are on the job for five and a half hours, working on a thirty-five-hour week. In their time off most of them go to school. The first class at Norris was started at the request of the men. It was a class in higher mathematics. An enrollment of perhaps thirty was expected; instead, two hundred came. Everywhere you turn at Norris there are men studying. The basements of all the buildings, all extra corners have been turned into classrooms. All of the teaching is done by the men themselves. Nevertheless, there is a lot of education to be had there that is not in a classroom. Look in the workshops, the barns, the poultry houses, anywhere that life is lived and things are being done.

In a great shop a man is busy molding iron. He has been a blacksmith before he came here but he is learning to make beautiful things of iron, and not only to make them but to teach others. When he goes out he will have an art,



not just a trade for which there is no longer any need.

Some of the men are learning to take care of automobiles; others how to wire a house for electricity; to do plumbing, carpentry, scientific farming; some are studying English literature, physics, biology, civics, history, the arts. "We have had enough specialists," says Dr. Arthur Morgan, "we are trying to train these men to become generalists, so that when they go back into their communities they will be equipped as leaders."

It has always been the passion of the man who is at the head of this Tennessee Valley project, to discover and educate leaders. When Jim, Granny Stubbs' grandson, got a job working on the Norris dam, he didn't seek the job; the job sought him. Men who have the capacity to scent good material have gone out into the counties of seven states in the Valley to round up workers. They came into Grainger County, for instance, visited the ministers, the schoolteachers, the doctors, and the storekeepers and inquired about for likely youths — for older men, too, if they had the capacity for leadership and an inclination for work. They got a list of the most promising ones and then dropped around to see boys like Jim.

They did the same thing in the colleges. About thirty-eight thousand possible candi-

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dates were rounded up, and an examination was given them. Not all of those who applied could read and write, but, since ability, not book learning, was the test, some of the examinations were oral instead of written.

Out of this screening those men who are building the dams were picked. Five per cent of them are college men, some with master's degrees. A few, not many, are illiterate. In the nine thousand men at work you can gamble on there being a good many more real leaders than in the same number of workers anywhere else in the world.

If it were just water power they were developing there in the valley you might think this experiment just a dream, almost too good to be true, but it's man power along with water power they are harnessing. The combination is not likely to fail.

IV

I MET DR. MORGAN, Chairman of the TVA Board of Directors, at Norris, at a picnic of the Knoxville staff. He was sitting on a log on the edge of the town. In front was the horizon of the far mountains reaching off into North Carolina, and behind, through the trees, could be seen the new houses of the town and the dusty roads soon to be streets.

The Chairman is a brisk, vigorous Quaker, with eyes that see beyond the externals. He described this valley as it will be, if the plans for the new world are realized.

"Industry will come back into the pattern of American life in a different way from that in which we have had it in the period of competitive individualism. We should see in this valley some mass production, some quality production, and some industries for home production. There are some things, like shoes and the necessities of life, which can be better and more efficiently produced in the mass, and for these large factories are necessary. For other things the medium-sized factory is better.

"Supplementing the mass production factory there must be the small industry in which a large measure of creativeness remains to the workers. This mountain region may be one committed largely to quality industries; it may be the 'France of America.' For instance, there is no reason why this should not become one of the greatest ceramic centers of the world. All of the resources are here."

He pointed out that the smaller industries in the South have been unable to compete with the mass production of the North, but, with such aid as the Tennessee Valley Authority can give, these smaller industries, through cooperative methods, can have the research, the expert advice, and the advantages of distribution which have hitherto been available only to large industries. It is like the interlocking system of dams. Through supplementary operation, the power available will be three- and fourfold what it would be if each of the power stations were run independently and competitively.

This different way of life will come to a people which hasn't lost the art or the joy of creativeness. We drove one day through the beautiful mountain country of the Smokies, which fortunately have been preserved as a national park. One sees in that region mountaineer homes of the same type built in the days of the Revolution. In some sections there is hardly a home where there is not a loom and a spinning wheel. The woman, or women, of the family spend their spare time weaving.

While the ground plan of this new world in the Tennessee Valley is fairly simple, building it is less simple, because worlds are not made or changed overnight. In the pathway of the new lies the old, and some of it has to go. It won't be without a struggle.

The South has been built upon an agrarian system, of which the plantation was the center. The slave-owning plantation held only a small proportion of the population, but it was the dominating factor. When the slaves went, the tenant farmer and the share cropper took their place. They have held the South like the ball and chain on the leg of a convict.

In the Valley of the Tennessee, where the river takes a great horseshoe bend in northwestern Alabama, is one of the great plantations of the old South. It has been in the same family for generations. Its men have done valiant service for the state and for the nation, and its acres have yielded cotton through the years. There is only one member of the family left in the beautiful old manor at the end of an avenue of great live oaks. She has lived there —

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li'l Miss Sue, as she is called by the natives — for years, dreaming dreams for the restored glory of the plantation. She has held the land against the rising tide of taxation, the dwindling fortunes of tenants, and the precarious prices of cotton.

All her hopes were centered in Muscle Shoals and the possibility of a great industrial city rising there. The proximity of big enterprises would raise the value of the land, and the generation of power would give back to the plantation the labor lost when the slaves left. Some thousand or more acres of the plantation have been requisitioned by the government, but these acres must go for the building of a new order instead of the resuscitation of the old, and Miss Sue's dreams must give way. It is the traditions of the plantation owners and an outworn system set against the hill folk and the people of the little towns up and down the valley. It is the one against the many, the old against the new.

V

THERE ARE places in the region of the Tennessee Valley where such things as this new order has in mind are already under way. Tupelo, Mississippi, for instance, is prophetic of the kind of little town that will sprinkle the valley in the years to come, if the TVA plans work out. Ten years ago Tupelo was just one more small southern town, a bit down-at-the-heel, with its typical cotton-mill village at one extremity. But the leadership of a few men of vision has brought about in Tupelo exactly what is the hope of the men who are plotting out the TVA program — co-operation between the rich farming land in the country around Tupelo and the manufacturing plants in it.

They make shirts in Tupelo, but girls who work in the shirt factories live, most of them, on farms in the near-by country. The shirt factory helps to support the farm, and the farm feeds the workers in the factory. Tupelo consequently has flourished. The old cotton-mill village, which still exists at one end of the town, is looked upon as a relic of the past. The six garment mills within a radius of twenty miles of Tupelo belong to the modern scene.

A few months ago Tupelo, with its six thousand inhabitants, jumped from obscurity into national prominence by being the first town in the valley to turn on the cheaper current offered by the TVA plant at Muscle Shoals. While other towns dickered over franchises and power policy, Tupelo's municipally owned plant bought its power at a saving to the people of sixty per cent of what it paid under its contract with a private concern. Almost at once Tupelo became electrically minded, and the people in the surrounding country, supplied by the Tupelo system, are following suit. The sale of electrical appliances in the little town has probably broken all records. It amounted to twenty-four thousand dollars' worth of ranges and refrigerators in the first seventeen days. An electrical show, given the first week the current was turned on, was a sort of local Century of Progress.

When Tupelo received its first month's bills after the new current was turned on, the R. W. Reed Co. department store received a bill for $23.69 as against $65.14 under the old rate; citizen J. H. Merritt, who cooks and lights electrically and also uses various small appliances, got a bill for $4.77 in place of $11.26; and citizen L. W. Trice, who uses electricity for lights only, paid the minimum of 75 cents instead of $2.30 and still had some of his kilowatt hours unused.

One of the chief officials of the Tennessee Valley Authority gave up an important law practice and the income that went with it to go down there for a very moderate salary and to lose himself in the large body of workers. When a friend, who considered him a little mad, asked him what compensation he expected, his answer was: "If I can end my days in a home on the top of one of these hills and look down on a valley of contented people, that is all the compensation I ask."

The ingredients of contentment are there in this valley as they are in the whole of this country of ours. But contentment through a different way of life may have to be fought for. This new America is going to have to be fought for. And the battles against old prejudices, selfish interests, and the forces of those resistant to change may be bitter and bloody. But it will be a good fight. If such a hope as this for a new America cannot be realized, then Christianity cannot be realized. And, if Christianity does not begin sometime as a practical experiment, how can it ever be realized?

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WHY PEOPLE SMOKE

BY FERNAND KABUS

NATURE IS stupendous in her workings but often mysterious in her methods. To reach her goal she strikes out boldly. With sovereign indifference she utilizes human fear to hasten evolution; without pangs of conscience she deliberately turns vice into virtue if it suits her ultimate purpose. In ancient Rome she appointed Bacchus, the merry wine deity, as apostle of civilization and in modern times she has chosen tobacco — a vice — as promoter of happiness. It seems a paradox.

To study nature's ways we must make a brief excursion into the psychological field in order to comprehend the human craving for alcohol, coffee, tea, and tobacco, all of which are vices and unnatural habits. Animals which strictly obey the laws of nature avoid them — indeed, would die if they partook of them.

The philosophers of antiquity propounded the theory, supported by up-to-date psychological science, that the development of brain power is primarily determined by the regular inflow and control of forces and vibrations reaching the brain center, seat of the conscious-objective mind, from the nerve center (solar plexus), seat of the subconscious-subjective mind. The latter (subconscious) represents an electromotor which receives its current by wireless from the universal power house and transmits it through the nervous system to the body and mind, according to need. For ordinary requirements, physical or mental, sufficient force is automatically supplied, but, if the brain is put to high pressure, an increased current must be attracted and may be secured with the aid of physical stimulants.

The Magi of ancient Persia discovered that the brain manifested a higher degree of efficiency when the body followed a certain diet. On this theory the Greeks founded gastronomy (art of refined eating and drinking); the epicurean philosophers of Rome evolved therefrom gastrosophy (effects of foods and beverages on the mind). For more than fifty centuries seasoned foods and alcoholic beverages were the only known stimulants, but they proved by no means an unmixed blessing. The reason is plain: strong stimulants heavily indulged in enhance the sensual (carnal) side of human nature, leading to dissipation and thereby upsetting the fine balance which nature has established for the parallel development of body and mind. Such stimulants cause excessive consumption of food and drink. The result is that the digestive organs work under high pressure and transmit to the nerve center excessive stimuli.

The "motor" runs too fast; it blocks the avenues to the brain center, which is cut off from its line of communication and source of supply. And while the introduction, in the seventeenth century, of coffee and tea somewhat corrected the habit of overeating and excessive drinking, it did not solve the problem. These were liquids and simply substitutes for alcohol, though causing less harm.

II

WHY DO PEOPLE smoke? At first sight the habit seems absurd. Far from benefiting the body in a physical sense, it seemingly harms it, for it utilizes for enjoyment a delicate mechanism especially designed by nature to purify the blood. But, as we shall demonstrate, smoking in the last analysis is not a physical enjoyment but a subconscious if not "psychic" experience.

The craving for tobacco is due to the highly aromatic features and nicotine elements which are freed by burning. Instead of vanishing into the air, the smoke is utilized for an internal performance whereby the nicotine excites the senses of smell, taste, and touch. Drawn into the mouth, the smoke must pass through the

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unburned portion of tobacco (either pipe, cigar, or cigarette). During this passage, the tobacco becomes saturated with the smoke. The nicotine elements which would normally volatilize are made to penetrate the unburned part of the tobacco and increase its content. In other words, the tobacco becomes stronger as smoking proceeds. It is the accumulation of nicotine which constitutes the secret of the craving for a pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

Cigar and pipe are identical in principle and effect. The smoke passes into the mouth, penetrates part of the throat, is retained a few seconds, and is then exhaled — usually through the mouth, rarely through the nose.

Cigarette smoking is different. Made of finely cut tobacco, cigarettes burn very easily and rapidly, often by themselves, and so fast that most of the cigarette smoke goes to waste, i.e., passes into the air. In cigarette smoking, very little nicotine is added to the original content. Therefore a cigarette is essentially a "light" smoke. With most smokers, its sensation in the mouth is so weak that inhaling is resorted to, which means that the smoke is drawn directly into the lungs. When a smoker begins to inhale, dizziness is often experienced, but the smoker soon becomes accustomed to the sensation and in most cases continues the habit.

III

Whatever form of indulgence is adopted, the tobacco smoke drawn into the mouth is impregnated with the moisture of the respiratory organs. The nicotine elements thus impregnated, instead of volatilizing, tend to precipitate and settle on the nerve ends of the respiratory organs, which they excite. A strong sensation is produced, which is immediately transmitted to the nerve center for registration. If a favorable report comes back, a desire for more is experienced, and smoking continues. The rhythmic passage of such sensations produces, after a while, a feeling of satisfaction and comfort.

A good smoke — from a pipe or a good aromatic cigar — usually relieves worries. It gives mental repose, a kind of relaxation which stimulates the mind to survey the situation calmly and to engage in meditation and contemplation.

IV

When tobacco was first introduced, the medical world severely condemned the habit, on the ground that a poisonous matter, nicotine, entered the human system and must inevitably deteriorate the body. Strangely enough, smokers rarely felt any ill effect; on the contrary, their health often improved, and, above all, they gained mentally. This phenomenon leads us to the consideration of the intrinsic virtues of tobacco.

Obviously determined to use tobacco as a promoter, nature sets to work to correct its primitive defects as soon as man indulges in smoking. And to protect the delicate tissues of the breathing organs, she places around the system a screen, as it were, which assures the normal function of breathing and yet permits indulgence in smoking to a considerable extent, with little, if any, damage to the mechanism. However, when bodily conditions are unfavorable, there are prompt warnings; the nerve center transmits distasteful sensations, and smoking should be stopped.

All intellectuals are highly sensitive and emotional. It is the price they pay for the development of their mental faculties. To maintain brain power, intellect and emotions must always be well balanced. In the degree that the conscious mind draws on the subconscious forces, there arise corresponding emotions which exert pressure for manifestation. Smoking is not a physical pleasure but a subconscious experience, which releases the emotions for manifestation but, instead of leading them into sensual temptations, brings them up to the mental realm where they express themselves in mental pursuits. Transmuted into mental forces, the emotions enhance the objective faculties and nature attains her prime object: she has turned vice into virtue for the greater glory of creation. This explains why so many intellectuals of modern times are fond of their pipes, cigars, and cigarettes.

In its most primitive state, according to Spanish historians, tobacco was used by the Indians to chase off mosquitoes. Since that time tobacco itself has become highly cultured. In its present refined state it is still used to keep off mosquitoes — the mosquitoes of the mind, worries, doubts, and fears.

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THE PRACTICAL SIDE OF PSYCHISM

BY J. B. RHINE

OF WHAT consequence is it if we *are* "psychic"? This question follows upon the article of last month, "Are We 'Psychic' Beings?" It was shown therein that, on the basis of rigorous scientific research during the past half century, certain capacities of mind to perceive without the senses (extra-sensory perception) have been established. Reviewing some more recent experimentation at Duke University, it was pointed out that clairvoyance, or the extra-sensory perception of things and events, and telepathy, or the extra-sensory perception of another's thoughts, were basicly related, though experimentally separable. This work then went on to "naturalize" these capacities by showing something of their quantitative relationships with certain other natural processes and conditions. The estimate was ventured, on the basis of recent work, that we are, in major portion at least, very probably "psychic" beings (i.e., parapsychic), in some degree. And it may well be that all of us are so, at times, in natural situations.

But what of it? Aside from the satisfaction afforded to mere curiosity and popular interest in the strange, the unknown, the occult, what meaning have these laboriously made discoveries? Has extra-sensory perception any practical application? Is it of biological significance or survival value? Does it contribute anything to the understanding of the place of mind in nature? Does it, as Professor Hornell Hart, in a generous press statement about the Duke experiments, has suggested, have a bearing even upon religion, too? These and many more such questions follow, and are asked widely, when these more unusual modes of perception are brought up for discussion.

II

THERE ARE, first, the possible applications and, second, the larger scientific implications of extra-sensory perception. It has been decidedly in the interests of the second that the major scientific work has been done in the field. The keynote of the volume reporting the recent experiments, *Extra-Sensory Perception*, may be quoted thus, from the author's preface:

> This work is, then, a step, a modest advance, in the exploration of the unrecognized boundaries and reaches of the human personality with a deep consciousness of what such steps might lead to in the way of a larger factual scheme for a better living philosophy.

Yet we need not be blind to the practical service that these capacities may have, if they are properly understood and developed. But whatever we point to now, it should be remembered that we are probably limited by our fragmentary knowledge. Doubtless we see as darkly in this as did even Euclid or Kepler or Franklin in their fields and in their times.

If we consider only the commonly reported spontaneous parapsychic experiences, such as were estimated by the late Dr. W. F. Prince in his *Human Experiences* to occur to about one in every four persons, we see at once a wide range of the possible usefulness of such capacities, even as they are — undeveloped and unrecognized. The mother who gets a frightening vision of her daughter at the moment of her imminent danger of drowning; the father who dreams that his daughter is under the ice at about the time she has actually broken through it; the wife who, suddenly worried, leaves a party to hurry home and find her house on fire — and her husband asleep; the husband who, having set out on a long journey, knows his house is afire and returns to find it in ashes — all would appear to be using, without training and comprehension, a capacity of extra-sensory perception. If so (and the parapsychic cognition comes in on such occasions to supplement the more com-

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mon sensory modes), its utility would be unquestioned. And more understanding might greatly increase and extend this.

Often, of course, the spontaneous case of apparent extra-sensory perception may be useless because of circumstances; there may be impossible barriers intervening — distance, for example, as in the famous case reported by Kant, in which Swedenborg, at Göteborg, witnessed clairvoyantly a great fire at Stockholm and gave to his friends a detailed account of its progress. Such useless spontaneous flashes recall to one the long period of useless playing with toy electricity machines of amber, glass crystals, Leyden jars, and the like, before Franklin, Davy, Volta, Faraday, and others successfully explored for a deeper understanding of underlying principles.

Professionally, extra-sensory perception might conceivably be useful in scores of ways. That depends upon its still undiscovered limitations. As it is to-day, unreliable, often disappearing as a measurable capacity, we must go very cautiously in proposing application. Could the detective use a good clairvoyant for the solution of criminal mysteries? They have long been trying it on different continents, with how much success, as things are, we need not be concerned. Might the practical geologist use this added perceptual ability in the location of mineral deposits? The water diviner or dowser has long been used by military engineers in certain of the countries of Europe, as well as by some industrial sts in England, where dowsing is quite a respectable vocation. Barrett and Besterman in their comprehensive scientific study of the subject conclude that it is a function of clairvoyance. In diagnosis, exploration, and inquiry in many fields the need for supplementary cognitive capacity is clear. We need only a demonstration of the capacity itself as actually applicable.

But, on coming into the field of human relations, the potential usefulness of extra-sensory perception grows more obvious at once. The success of such relations depends, as we recognize, so much upon sympathetic understanding and intuitive insight that we are already prepared for the "super-empathy" that probably goes with the concept of extra-sensory perception. That is, if what we find in the laboratory regarding telepathic perception works at all in life-at-large, it is capable of being a very useful, even if only a marginal, factor in intimate social relations. If it merely gives one, on occasion, the "edge" on an individual lacking the capacity, the added understanding may well be decisive. For the judge; for the physician; for the psychiatrist or other consultant; for the nurse or teacher; for any ordinary parent, husband, or wife, such an added margin of capacity for extra-sensory insight into the deeper feelings and unexpressed thoughts of another must make for greatly enhanced influence. There are many intelligent people, as it is, who feel that their harmonious intercourse with others is to a degree and at times aided by some "intuitive" factor which conforms to the description of extra-sensory perception, so that we know at least that this factor can readily fit into the concept of things-as-they-are, without disruption.

But may there not be disadvantages, too, or even harmful consequences in extra-sensory perception? No one, certainly, wishes to have such an ability to an unlimited degree for himself — much less for his associates. Fears on this score are, however, quite groundless. First, the capacity is voluntary, as the experiments go to show. We are as safe from uncontrolled extra-sensory perception as we are from too much sensory perception, and probably much safer. And as for the danger of increased perceptual powers in others around us, if this should ever be possible through development and control of the extra-sensory mode, we have no more to fear than we have had through the marvelous extension of sensory perception by the telescope, by the microscope, by photography and telephony, by radio, television, and an array of other techniques and devices.

The only real danger conceivable at this point is that arising from over-reliance by some upon an uncertain and transient capacity for extra-sensory perception to the neglect of more dependable faculties. We may presume, however, a judicious use of the ability; its abuse is quite another matter. Beyond question much serious harm is done to trustful people to-day by an uncritical reliance upon the untested claims of persons who claim to put clairvoyant ability on the market. The judgment of most parapsychologists is, I think, that it is rarely

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ever capable of being successfully commercialized on a reliable basis, that most such claims are unfounded, and that a large portion, though not all, of the claimants are charlatans.

III

But we come into clearer air at once, I think, when the larger scientific bearings of extra-sensory perception are considered. Whatever we may think of its potentially practical utility, its significance to certain of the fields of science can hardly be exaggerated.

First of all, the general facts about extra-sensory perception seem to require a greatly expanded science of physics for their explanation. Extra-sensory perception is, like sensory perception, a causal process in which work is done. If one person can in this way guide another, causing him to write down a selection of figures that the first is thinking of, this regulation is mental causation and is energetic, in that it controls the output of energy. It takes energy to direct energy.

But where the old physics fails with extra-sensory perception is here. This energetic process appears to be independent of space — unlike light, radio waves, and all the known energies, which decline in intensity with distance. It gives no radiant energy reactions; it is selective, even down through unbroken packs of cards; it includes both objects and thoughts in its range; it is self-ordered, i.e., voluntary. One does not need to be much of a physicist to discover that there must be a different form of energy in these processes of mind. Professor McDougall has long insisted, on other grounds, that this is true for mind in general. The energy, then, that is involved in extra-sensory perception is not mechanical in the accepted sense of the word and is quite independent of the material property of extension or distance.

This calls, I think, for a new outlook in physics. And there is fair assurance that modern physicists will not evade the issue. For they, of all the classes of scientists, have been the most receptive to new phenomena of this nature. From Sir William Crookes, who started the "brain wave" theory of telepathy, to Einstein, who introduced Upton Sinclair's *Mental Radio* to German readers, there has been a goodly number of distinguished men of physics evincing interest in these phenomena.

If, then, extra-sensory perception involves energy reception, however unknown the kind of energy, there must be a receptor or receiving system. And since the evidence produced by the recent experiments seems to demonstrate the non-sensory character of the process, there is required a type of receptor system other than the sensory (i.e., with nerve ends in the eyes, ears, skin, etc.). However, that the nervous system too is essential in extra-sensory perception is shown by the experiments I described last month, in which were studied the effects of drugs in the nervous system upon "psychic" phenomena. If, then, we are "psychic" beings, the physiologist has the problem of an unknown mode of reception for an unknown form of energy.

If we *are* "psychic" creatures, the general biologist, too, is deeply involved. For the origin and the rôle of the extra-sensory mode of perception in organic evolution; its biological survival value as a possible aid in homing, feeding, mating; and, above all, the conceivably important rôle of telepathy in the lives of the relatively languageless creatures — all would be of profound importance in these still unsettled fields.

But it is in the realm of mind, in psychology, that we would find the greatest fruits of extra-sensory perception. Psychologists for centuries have been debating the interrelation of mind and body, in other words, the nature of the mind itself. No crucial experiment has ever dealt with the problem, but it has been battled over in rationalistic fashion since the days of ancient Greece. The experiments at Duke, in objectively conducted tests of extra-sensory perception at a distance, first attempted to stretch a crucial parallel between this clearly mental process and a clearly mechanical one (wave mechanics). They showed in mathematically measurable results a sharp departure. The mental function was not limited by distance, as is the intensity of wave energies. Mind energy is not any of the known body energies, in this process at least!

To those who can accept the experiment, there is quantitatively shown, I think, a clear experimental difference between the space-limited properties of the material system on the one hand and the peculiar process of mind dealt with in extra-sensory perception on the

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other. Mind, in its capacity of extra-sensory perception, does not submit to a materialistic hypothesis. This, remember, is not a speculation nor even an hypothesis. It is an experimental conclusion. For those who accept the results, it is a psychological "law," and one of fundamental importance for the natural philosophy of mind.

As a result of the experiments with extra-sensory perception at a distance and of other supporting work, it is suggested that in telepathic and clairvoyant perception the mind seems to show a "going out" or self-projection which makes contact with other "distant" persons and things. The distance does not limit its efficiency. It may be better to say that the mind here has immediate, spaceless apprehension.

Thus what is probably the largest bearing of all I would not dare to suggest to a hostile machine age, were it not for the fact that subsequent experiments have given still further support to the point. It is that this work indicates not only some measure of independence of mind from matter, but even the possibility of a degree of control of matter by mind. Especially is this suggested when the mind that has "gone out through space" and "returned" in a demonstratedly non-mechanical way is able then to set to work the mechanical energies of nerve muscle. This is psychokinesis — the dominance in an orderly and natural way of the mechanics of the matter of the body by a non-mechanical mental process. Is it so revolutionary? Dualistic philosophy has implicitly required it for centuries. But this, I wish to emphasize, has been experimentally determined, and is even now being put to still further and more crucial tests.

IV

FINALLY, EVEN for religion some indirect bearing of extra-sensory perception is clear. The fundamental concept of a spiritual world assumes this mode of perception, since the sense organs obviously decay with the flesh. If there is "communion of saints" it is telepathic; if there is omniscience, it is clairvoyant perception, simply unlimited. The hearing and answering of prayer, if presumed, must be largely telepathic communion, as must, on the most plausible theory at least, alleged spirit communication through mediums. Now, the proof of this mode of perception does not in any degree establish the claims referred to; on the other hand, any such concept is relatively meaningless without it. It is necessary, however, to guard against the attachment of the theory to the theological claims erected upon it. They are problems for research in themselves.

But, whatever may be claimed for extra-sensory perception, the theory is no stronger than the evidence on which the claim rests. While the evidence for the different capacities themselves is, I think, far beyond any danger of collapsing, the bearings and implications I have pointed out must not be regarded as equally established. They are, rather, fields of promise for the psychological research of the future — fields that are scattered with perilous logical pitfalls but sown with the treasure of undiscovered principles to which men must one day orient their lives.

These new possibilities should give to the inquiring mind adventure and hope. For they stir again the imagination of those who have been disillusioned in older philosophies and theologies and who have fallen into the apathy of a formula-chained mechanism. The elements of mystery and challenge which the human seems to require of his universe are here restored in rich measure. Here is still an Everest to scale, a jungle to explore, Poles of human personality to discover. In all the history of science there has, I think, been no quest so thrilling as this promises to become. Thinking men have long been looking to the field of "psychic" problems for new orientation and spiritual poise. I think we may attribute the prompt and wide acceptance of the recent work largely to this widely felt need for a "larger factual scheme for a better living philosophy." But it must be rigorously factual.

Professor Rhine has in preparation a third article, dealing with human survival.

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THE BIRTHDAY

A Short Story

BY KONI FINE

TINA HELD the bedroom door open and looked in at Tod sleeping there. Now it was afternoon, but he had not moved since dim, early morning, when she had tucked the blankets around his unconscious body. He slept almost like a child, with deep, peaceful breathing, with a gentle, deceptive hush over him. Her eyes, round with sleeplessness in her white face, sought his head, so sharp and dark, pressed down tight against the pillow, and followed the lines of his shoulder and hip, slim under the blankets. There was something beautiful about the fierce abandon of his body, so deep in sleep. It lay over him like a dusky magic and covered the harsh actuality of his drunkenness.

She whispered, "Happy birthday, Tod . . .", standing there in the doorway. But it would not be a happy one, she knew, and a wavering of sympathy came over her face as she looked down at him. When he wakened at last he would find her gone. She could see him, still half asleep, confused, unable to believe that she had really gone and yet feeling within his bewildered self the rightness of her going. For the briefest of moments her sympathy held her there, uncertain. Then with her eyes she said a profound farewell to him, and her firm hand closed the door.

She went from the bedroom into the kitchen, where her hat and coat and her suitcase waited for her. She walked with deliberate little steps, fully aware of the thing she was doing. It was quite true: she was going away, never to return. She was leaving their fourth-floor apartment, their tiny wedge of warmth and light in the huge, unfriendly city, leaving all their foolish, intimate possessions. In an hour she would be on the ferry: she could see herself standing at the high railing, suitcase at her feet; could feel the keen breeze whipping across the river into her face; and could feel the steady, ponderous thrum of the big ferryboat beneath her, plowing the water.

Hanging beside the kitchen cupboard was a mirror. There Tina stood and put on her hat. She tipped it with an artful carelessness over one blue eye and pulled a wisp of light hair around her ear. She looked very tired, she knew. Anyone — the landlady, the ferryboat man — could tell at a glance she had not slept all night. But no one could know that it was until four o'clock she had sat waiting for Tod . . . or that afterward, with Tod in the bed beside her, she had heard from his slow-moving, uncontrollable lips a story of things that had been hidden within him for years, grown dim and unreal and shapeless under the moldy coverings of regret and forgetfulness. No one could know that, there beside him, she had at last felt him slip from her as unconsciousness claimed him, that she had covered his thin body and lain there wide-eyed, shaking with the memory of the things he had told her, slowly breathing the chill autumn air that was tinged with his breath as with the bitter-sweetness of crushed orange peels. . . . No one could know, or guess, that lying there she had drawn herself away from Tod and made up her mind to leave him.

Her chiseled face was pale, and her lips drooped with weariness. Over her reflected shoulder she could see the little kitchen with its blue paint and its checkered curtains and the early afternoon light coming through the fire escape outside the window. She loved the kitchen. It was the only other room, beside the bedroom, that they had. She had made it cheerful and gay so that Tod would like to sit there, in the evenings, and not be miserable because they couldn't afford a living room with a couch. Lately, during the days too, Tod had been there with her — until last week when he got his job. She could see him so plainly

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with her mind's eye, sitting in the chair by the window, tipping it back on its hind legs and letting his feet dangle; could see him smiling his dark, twisted smile at her as she got lunch, or supper. . . . And now she was leaving it all, all of it.

Everything was very neat. She knew without turning that the floor was spotless, the enamel top of the table shining; and that there was a pot of fresh coffee on the gas stove for Tod to heat when he woke up.

She lifted one hand and with a finger flipped the brim of her hat, lightly. Her lips bent. "So," she whispered, unsmiling, and picked up her gloves.

Then standing there, small and very tired, she let go for a moment and wished that somehow Tod were different. It was not just a fling he had had, going off last night and coming home half-conscious, finding his way there God alone knew how. It was part of Tod. She knew that now. Deep within him there was a sort of fire that made him live life wildly and uncontrollably. No little gestures came from him ever, but he must love or fight or be drunk with every ounce of his being. Nothing in all the world had been able to quench that fire, not even her gentleness, and now she knew that nothing ever would. Some day perhaps it would burn itself out, and of the Tod sleeping in there nothing would be left — except a thinner, darker man with an emptiness in place of the fire that had been there. . . .

Once again a moment of sympathy touched her, and, thinking of him, she reached her hand toward the door, held it so, in a gesture of tenderness and love, and let it slowly fall.

Tod would never realize that it was not in spite of her love she was going, but because of it — because she felt no strength within her with which to make light of the things he had told her. They had happened long ago, to Tod, but to her they had happened in the dimness of a morning just gone by. She knew she had not the strength to look on him with eyes that remembered those things or to let him touch her, remembering what he had done.

II

THEN, SUDDENLY there came a knock on the door that opened on the fire escape, a familiar knock, abrupt and unpleasant. Tina wakened sharply from her sympathy, threw her gloves on the cupboard, and went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Parker, from the floor below, stood there on the grating. Out of her face that had no expression, save a flabby curiosity, her eyes met Tina's. One hand, against the soft, greasy folds of her dress, held a chipped, white cup, and the other patted the brownish hair that straggled over her ears.

Coldly Tina said, "Yes, Mrs. Parker?" She wavered between a desire to close the woman out, swiftly, rudely and a knowledge of the futility of such a thing.

The woman smiled and came without invitation into the kitchen. She sat down heavily on one of the blue chairs and spoke as Tina closed the door. "I see you're getting ready to go out, Mrs. Ellington. I won't keep you." She gestured with the cup. "I just come to borrow a little sugar, if you can spare some."

A trace of foreboding ran through Tina's mind. She could never look at Mrs. Parker without it, no matter how brief their meeting — a chance passing on the stairs, a glimpse through the fire-escape grating. She could never look at her without feeling hatred and dread set their icy hands on her heart. There was something so like the breath of corruption coming from the woman, with her shifting glance, her indolent hands, her neglected self, that it seemed everything she touched or looked on or even mentioned would become soiled.

That the woman should have come here to-day, of all days, shook Tina with something very like fear and at the same time fired her with a courage that made her stiffen up to her full height in pride and defense.

Now her firm little voice answered that extended hand and its empty cup. "I can spare some, I think."

Mrs. Parker gave her the cup and settled herself more comfortably in the chair. "I wouldn't have bothered you, Mrs. Ellington, except to-day being a Sunday, and all the stores closed."

Tina, at the cupboard, took down the sugar jug and said nothing.

Mrs. Parker was quiet for a moment, turning her head this way and that, her eyes finding silent, malicious fault with everything they looked upon. Then she said, "Was you in a

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Drawings by Hope Coffey

hurry, Mrs. Ellington? I don't want to make you late for anything." Her eyes had found the suitcase. "If you're catching a train, now, or something —"

There was in her voice a hint of something that made Tina wince. She looked over her shoulder, her face frigid and expressionless. "It's quite all right," she said. And she remembered that there was a ferryboat every half hour on Sundays. It wouldn't be long to wait if the woman made her miss one. Her hands filled the white cup, and her mind, rather than think of Mrs. Parker behind her, pictured the wharf at the ferry station. She would go outside and wait and watch the water lapping up against the black pilings and the gulls hovering and diving at drifting scum.

The cup was full. She put the jug away in its place and turned. "Here you are," she said, hoping the woman would get up and go.

Mrs. Parker did get to her feet, but she stood there, leaning back against the chair. She took the cup from Tina's hand. And then she said, like one taking quick, deadly aim: "Had quite a time of it last night, didn't you?" Sly and curious she was, smacking her lips over the words. Her eyes held Tina pinned against the cupboard.

There was a silence.

Then Tina's hand sought the brim of her hat, and her finger flipped it, unknowingly. "I'm afraid I don't understand, Mrs. Parker."

"Pooh! Needn't be ashamed, dearie. Many's the time I've had to lug my old man up them stairs in the dead of night, and him drunk as hell. I know all about it."

Tina's pale cheeks went quite colorless. True, they had passed doors on each landing, she and Tod, at four o'clock that morning. She had not thought then of anyone crouching behind one of the doors, listening, perhaps opening it a crack and peering up after them. . . . The little kitchen waited for her to make some answer, but she could not speak for hearing in her mind the woman's coarse words re-echoing ". . . lug my old man . . . and him

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drunk as hell. . . ."

Suddenly she lifted her hands and tore off her hat. She laid it on the cupboard and turned, her body quivering with anger and shame and loathing. "He was ill!" she breathed, through tight lips. "Ill! Do you hear me? Now. Get — out!" and she held firmly to the edge of the cupboard to steady herself.

Mrs. Parker's face twitched into a cheap expression that was half a sneer, half a grin. Tina's eyes closed against it. "Well," the woman said, "I'll go. I have sense enough to know when I'm not wanted." At the door she hesitated and turned, but Tina's eyes did not open. "I'm obliged for the sugar," she added, maliciously. And closed the door after her.

For a long moment Tina stood there tense and scarcely breathing, while the kitchen she loved grew still and quiet and came to be her own again. Then she drew a deeper breath and slowly moved from the cupboard. She went to the door and locked it and then went quietly about her kitchen, touching the things that Mrs. Parker might have looked upon, taking the smudge of the woman's glance from the table, the curtains, the shelves of dishes; making them gay and colorful and intimate again, setting them free. And so doing she came to her suitcase by the door and remembered that the ferries ran every half hour, on Sundays. . . .

She remembered Tod, and the day that it was, and looked involuntarily to the window where he often sat. The afternoon sun splashed through the curtains, brightening them, and poured over his chair, making its blue shine warmly. Tina leaned against the table, hands spread open on its cool, white top. "Tod," she whispered, "the sunshine is so golden, and it's your birthday, and you don't even know. . . . When you wake up you'll think of last night and when you remember what you told me — what will it be like then?" Her eyes grew wide and darkened with anxiousness. "Tod, you must know that I love you."

The little kitchen was very still for a moment.

Suddenly Tina said, aloud, "I must hurry." With swift hands she hung her hat and coat on a hook beside the door. The waiting suitcase she plunged far out of sight in the shadows under the stove. Over her face came a blending of eagerness and uncertainty, fear and courage. She took a white apron and carefully, with shaking fingers, tied it around her blue dress.

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III

THREE O'CLOCK came soon, and then four. The afternoon was quiet now; there was hardly any noise from the street. Tina stood at the table, mixing creamy batter in a big green bowl, not looking at it as she worked but letting her gaze drink in the color of the sky, now soft and rich, glowing through the iron-work beyond the curtained window. Her body rested against the table as she worked, and her arms moved wearily. She stirred the batter, added a little more flour, and lifted her hand to brush a wisp of hair out of her eyes.

Tod was awake at last. She had heard him moving behind the closed door, had left her batter and gone to the stove and started a little flame under the coffee. Now the bedroom door opened, slowly, and she turned from the bowl, hiding her anxiousness in a smile. "Hello, Tod. How are you, hon'?"

He leaned in the doorway, his face full of tiredness, his great dark eyes wide and unseeing. He said, "Tina. What time is it."

"About four. When'd you wake up?"

"While ago." His shirt was tucked unevenly into his blue trousers. He wore no tie, no shoes. He came across the kitchen floor with slow, soundless steps in his stockinged feet and sank into the chair at the table. He shoved the cake pans aside without seeing them, propped his elbows on the table, and let his dark, rumpled head fall into his hands.

He had not fastened his cuffs. She let the big wooden spoon sink into the batter, dusted off her fingers, and leaned across the table to fasten them. He did not look up. "I've coffee for you, Tod. Nice and hot."

"Sweetheart," he said, into his hands. Then he raised his head and watched her as she moved about the kitchen, full of quiet, soft gestures, taking his cup and saucer from the shelf and filling the cup with jet coffee. She poured in a little cream from a jug, just the way he liked it, and put the cup on the table before him.

"Drink it, Tod. You'll feel better."

He looked down at the coffee and then up at her face above him. She smiled, took the spoon in her fingers, and began to stir again. He said, "When did I get home, Tina." He was too tired to give his voice the right lift for a question. "What time, I mean."

She poured some milk into her batter. "You got in about four this morning."

"My head aches." He drank some of the coffee, bending low over the table. Her eyes were on him, watching the way his hand shook as he put the cup down. "I was drunk, wasn't I, Tina. I don't remember much."

She stirred. "It's all right, hon'."

Head bent, he looked carefully at his coffee. "I don't remember a damn thing. How'd I get home, I wonder." He thought about that a while. "Somebody bring me home?"

"No. No, you got here by yourself."

"You came down and let me in, I guess."

"Um-hm. I didn't mind, Tod. I wasn't asleep." Still her eyes were on him, and her head shook ever so slightly, watching the confusion that came over him as he tried to remember.

She got a piece of brown paper, dipped it in the shortening can, and greased her cake pans, making circles with her hand around the shining tin. Her eyes, over the pans as she greased them, followed the slow, cautious motions of his two hands lifting the cup to his lips. The sky behind his head, through the fire escape, was turning gold. She set the pans in a row on the table. "Coffee good, Tod?"

"Yes." He lifted the tea towel and brushed his lips with it. He brushed it over his whole face, slowly, as if he were smudging away his drowsiness. Then he held it in his fists, forgotten, and rested his chin on it. Over the crumpled linen he watched her fill the pans evenly with batter. "What are you doing, Tina."

"Just cooking, honey." He didn't remember, then, that it was his birthday. . . . She smiled a secret little smile over the pans.

"Cooking this time of day? And it's Sunday, too."

"Got to eat," she said, smiling. "Drink your coffee, Tod. Don't chew the tea towel." She reached out and took it from him and tossed it aside. "Drink your coffee, hon'."

Again he looked down into his cup. "I must have been awful drunk," he said. "God A'mighty, Tina, I don't remember a damn thing. What did I do?"

Relief cooled her mind as she worked with the pans, — deep, quenching relief. Perhaps

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he would not remember all that he had said.

"Tina, what did I do?"

"Not much. You got upstairs — after a bit of coaxing! — and you got to bed. That's all."

"I was at Jimmy's," he said, slowly. He frowned. "That's all I know. Do you suppose I went any place else?"

She was cleaning the green bowl with her spoon, scraping the last of the batter out. She gave him a long, quiet glance. "Maybe you did," she answered. "Don't you worry about it, though."

Tina turned around and opened the oven door. He could see the rows of little blue flames, sharp and quivering, as she put the pans in. He drank some more of the coffee. His head felt clearer.

"Tina."

"What is it, Tod?"

"I do remember something, Tina." He put his cup down and leaned toward her. She stood against the table, fixing her hair and looking down into his dark eyes.

"What do you remember?" she asked, and felt anxiousness wakening again within her.

"After I got home, Tina. I was in bed. I do remember it, I think. . . . Anyhow, I talked to you. I told you a lot of things. But I can't remember what they were." He shook his head slowly.

A great sympathy warmed her for this weary, bewildered man crouched over the table. "Can't you remember, Tod, honey?"

"No."

She reached to the stove and got the coffee pot. She filled his cup again, put cream in the coffee, and slipping her hand in her apron pocket took out a half-empty package of cigarettes. "Have a smoke, Tod?"

He took one. His hand was not very steady.

She struck a big match on the stove and held it for him. Then she put the cigarettes beside his cup and got him a little dish for an ash tray.

All the while he had looked up, wide-eyed, into her quiet, gentle face. Then he asked her: "What did I tell you, Tina?" The smoke drifted through his lips as he spoke. His voice was low, and solemn.

She sat on the corner of the table and took a cigarette too. She looked down into his face and could not answer him, knowing what her answer might do. Instead she smiled. "Lord, honey, you're all eyes to-day!" she said, laughing. "Always did have great big ones, but late hours make them even bigger." Reaching out, she let her hand ruffle his dark hair.

But he shook his head and would not be turned from his purpose. "Tina, don't fool now. Please tell me, Tina!"

She looked down at her cigarette. If she did tell him — if he had to come face to face with it — what would happen? What would he do? Could he bear it that she knew his secret? Or would it make him drive her away from him?

"Tina, please. You see, I — " he rubbed his forehead in a puzzled way. "You see, I have half an idea — "

She waited. Then, "Well, all right. Drink some more coffee. I'll tell you."

He lifted the cup, drank half the coffee in it, then pushed it aside and, leaning forward on his crossed arms, rested his head against Tina sitting on the table close to him. "Now," he said.

"You told me," she began, slipping an arm around him, "you told me a story about a thing that happened to you long ago, in New York." She felt him stiffen. "Easy there, hon'. Take it easy."

His head flung up. "I told you that!"

"Um-hm." She drew on her cigarette, casually, then watched the smoke float up from the moist end, and felt her heart pounding. Could it turn him against her, that she knew? They had loved each other so much, these past three months. . . . "Yes, Tod, you told me that," she said, quietly.

"Did I, Tina? Honest to God?" His face was quite gray.

She moved around the table and swung her knees close to him and took his head in her hands. She felt his rough, firm chin in her fingers, shaking. "It's all right, hon'. Really, it's all right."

He was trembling. She could feel his whole body trembling, and his lips quivered so that she leaned down and pressed them with her own to still them.

IV

For a long while, after that, head in her hands, he was utterly silent. At last she released him and lifted the cup to his lips and

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helped him to drink the rest of the coffee. His smoldering cigarette she took from his fingers and laid carefully on the little dish within his reach. Hers she put there too. Then she picked up the tea towel and drew it across his lips and blotted the moisture of the coffee from them.

All the while he had stared up at her, but his great brown eyes scarcely saw the gestures she made or saw her pale face above him, on which tenderness and compassion and understanding lay like half-tones of light on marble features.

He said, thickly, "I guess you'll be leaving me now, Tina."

That had been her first thought, she remembered, looking down. To leave him . . . and now under the stove sat her suitcase, hidden witness of a flight barely commenced. Her eyes, moving slowly in her carven face, explored his dark, vivid features; his chin with its slim, proud sweep; lips soft and parted, trembling vaguely; and eyes so deep she felt she could look into his very soul, for all they were brimming with countless indefinable, unspeakable thoughts and feelings. Again she took his head in her hands but she did not speak.

Her silence held him still, and over him came and went a touch of bewilderment, a ripple of wind darkening water. He said again, "You'll be leaving me, Tina."

"No, Tod."

"But Tina!" He sat up straighter and took her hands from his face and fastened his own hands on her firm, straight thighs. "Listen to me. I told you, and now you know. It was years ago. Ten. And I was acquitted. Self-defense, they called it. I guess I told you the whole story. I was twenty-three and a long way from home and drunk, Tina, like last night. It was with my own hands I did it . . . these hands." He tightened them on her slim muscles, but she did not flinch. "What about that, Tina? Can you let these hands touch you and love you, without remembering?" There was a sharp, cruel urgency in his eyes and in his lean, contorted face.

Could she . . . without remembering? Tina looked down at him searchingly. Could she? . . . That thought had been at the bottom of her half-commenced flight. She had thought she could not, that she had not the strength. But now, sitting there on the table close to Tod, she felt strangely, quietly able to. . . .

"Tod," she said at last. And she took his hands and laid them over her breasts. "I'm your wife, Tod. I love you."

Slowly his head bent and rested against her.

She sat there quiet in the late afternoon, still holding his hands against her, looking over his head and his shoulders to the glowing window. Her eyes closed, opened. She was very tired now, at the last. She was not the same Tina who had said good-bye to Tod that morning. From somewhere, from something she had got the strength to meet his eyes with her own and to answer him lightly in a voice that held both laughter and sympathy. Musingly she realized that it was from only one thing such a strength had come, and her face softened with a gentle, surprised smile. It was from Mrs. Parker. The woman had opened her eyes, given her a wisdom . . . but that wisdom was deep and warm and rich and would forget its source . . . had already gone far, far beyond it.

Tod had not changed. Holding him against her now she knew he was the same, lean and fierce and sharp and filled with the same wild fire. But he was hers. And she, his new Tina, would love him and forgive him; would help him again to climb the stairs in early morning, if need be, and cover him over when unconsciousness had again gathered him away from her. Their life would go on, so, until something fine came of it, or something weak . . . or until the great fire within him had burned itself out.

Then sitting there she grew aware of a fragrance filling the kitchen and she remembered the cake. She let Tod's hands go and slipped from him. Smiling, quieting him with a look, she went to the stove. Tod watched her open the oven door and take out the pans that were brimmed now with golden disks. She put them on the table in a row before him, steaming and beautiful. She stood behind them, hands clasped around the pot holder, blue eyes on Tod, waiting. There was a tightness in her throat, and, waiting, she trembled with the tremendous, overwhelming importance of this little moment. Her lips would not stay firm but quivered foolishly as she smiled down at him.

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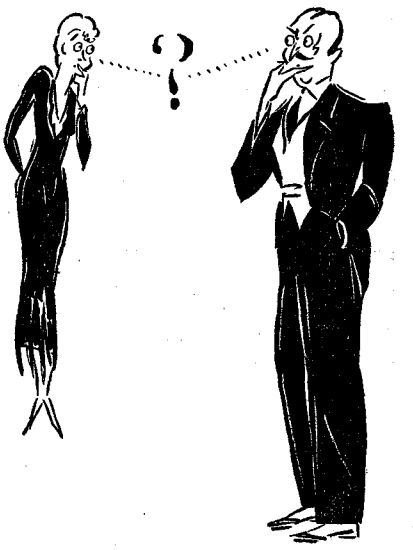
Announcing —

a new contest:



WHO SAID IT?

$1,000.00 for good memories

ALMOST EVERY day someone somewhere in the English-speaking world turns a phrase neatly. In books, newspapers, magazines, and speeches people restate old saws so brightly that they take on new and vibrant meaning. And, seldom enough to be sure, something is said that is really new. Over a period of years the sum total of these bright bits constitutes an important part of English literature. We frequently remember what was said — how often can we recall *Who Said It?*

Who Said It? Can FORUM readers remember? In this issue we start a contest with prizes for readers who have good memories. There are no "catches," and the *Who Said It?* Contest calls for nothing more than ordinary powers of observation, coupled with a good — or pretty good — memory. Anyone may compete; almost anyone may win a prize.

In every one of the next six issues of THE FORUM Magazine ten quotations will be printed. Contestants are asked to identify the source: *Who Said It?* Not when or where or why but only *who*. Quotations will be taken from books, old and new, from poetry, from speeches important enough to be reported in the nation's newspapers. At least one quotation (hint!) will be taken from the issue of THE FORUM in which it appears.

Opposite each quotation on the entry form printed on the following page, jot down the name of the person *Who Said It*. Mail your entry to the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, THE FORUM Magazine, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Entries for the January issue contest must be received by January 15, 1935. Prizes awarded in the January issue contest will be announced in the March FORUM. Each month there will be a first prize of $50.00 and two second prizes of $10.00 each for the *most nearly correct* sets of answers submitted. Promptness will also count, and contestants are urged to submit their entries as early as possible. In the June issue contest there will be eight additional $10.00 prizes. Contestants who send in *all six* sets of quotations will automatically be eligible for the Sweepstakes prize: $500.00. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of THE FORUM.

Contestants may compete in all of the six monthly contests and for the Sweepstakes prize, or if they choose they may concentrate their efforts upon one or more of the monthly contests only. On the other hand it is equally permissible to compete for the Sweepstakes prize without engaging in the monthly competition. Entries for the Sweepstakes will close on June 14, 1935. Closing dates for the monthly contests will be announced from month to month.

Remember — no "catches," and there is nothing really difficult about the *Who Said It?* Contest. Get busy with pencil and paper, an anthology or two (hint!) and find out *Who Said It?*

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Contest Rules

1. *The Who Said It?* Contest is open to any reader of The Forum Magazine, except employees of The Forum, members of their families, or their relatives.

2. This issue of The Forum and each of the next five issues will contain ten quotations. The object of the contest is to identify the individual who uttered the quotation.

3. The Forum Magazine will award monthly prizes (first prize $50.00 and two prizes of $10.00 each) to the person or persons who submit the *most nearly correct* sets of replies. In addition to the monthly prizes there will be a Sweepstakes prize of $500.00 for the *most nearly correct* replies in *all six* sets of quotations. All entries will be dated in order of receipt, and weight will be given to promptness. Allowance will be made for entries mailed from distant points. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of The Forum.

4. Entries of answers to the set of quotations printed in this issue must be received by the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, The Forum Magazine, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by January 15, 1935. Closing dates of the other monthly contests will be announced later. The closing date for the Sweepstakes prize is June 14, 1935. Contestants must sign their names and give their address. Entries received without name and address will not be considered.

5. Entries must be sent in on the entry blanks printed in this and the five succeeding issues of The Forum Magazine.

6. The Editor of The Forum Magazine will be the sole judge of the *Who Said It?* Contest, and, by submitting their entries, contestants agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of The Forum Magazine in any and all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the awarding of prizes.

7. Any contestant may enter as many sets of answers as he pleases.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The Editor of The Forum Magazine cannot undertake to enter into correspondence relative to the *Who Said It?* Contest, nor will any entry or set of entries be returned.

ENTRY FORM — JANUARY

Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest
The Forum Magazine
441 Lexington Avenue, New York City

I desire to submit the following entry in the *Who Said It?* Contest and I agree to abide by the Contest Rules printed above.

Who Said It?

1. Brevity is the soul of wit . . . . . _____
2. Politics is economics in action . . . . . _____
3. If there is communion of saints it is telepathic . . . . _____
4. The female of the species is more deadly than the male . _____
5. Every woman who hasn't any money is a matrimonial adventurer . . . . . _____
6. Shun not the mead but drink in measure . . . . . _____
7. They sold the righteous for silver, and the poor for a pair of shoes . . . . . _____
8. I am monarch of all I survey . . . . . _____
9. Give me liberty or give me death . . . . . _____
10. Know thyself . . . . . _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

This form must be received by January 15, 1935

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Old Maids Again

To the Editor:

I see in your November issue a gentleman correspondent [Robert Russell] likens your magazine to an old maid, meaning, of course, it isn't much. I also saw ["Widows' Weeds," by Antoinette Gilman] where a widow dropped the "Mrs." from her name, even at the expense of being considered an old maid, because she found it hard to be dignified when the boys were around. This widow, by her action, proves conclusively that there are no limits to the heights to which her sex may climb in the matter of courage.

It seems to be the concensus that life is just one big bowl of cherries for ladies who have acquired spouses. Let's see.

I understand there is a bureau in New York City which hunts up (or down) fugitive husbands. Thirty thousand of them in Greater New York alone have fled during the past twenty years, leaving their lawful wives and children to shift for themselves. Many of the fugitives were found living in sin in Brooklyn or the Bronx.

In one year alone in the United States there were 200,000 divorces. Many of the ladies charged their mates with extreme cruelty — so extreme that the cases had to be heard in private. One lady has had four husbands, none of whom suited. Rumor has it she is about to take unto herself a fifth, to see if he does any better.

The widow of a gambler has published a book in which she says that her married life was a complete fiasco. The paper which announced the publication of this book printed a few statements from it and also showed a picture of the wife and one of friend husband reclining on the beach, necking one of his many blonde sweeties. Lots of husbands these days bring the gal friend home, and wife is expected to prepare eats, etc., and otherwise help entertain her. At a recent divorce trial in England, the wife said her husband tried to poison her.

I am told that the lunatic asylums are filled with women who have had husbands and who, if they had not, might be living in a pleasanter atmosphere.

So, it may be that you have been wise in remaining an old maid. If you had annexed a spouse, it might be that your "pap" would be such as to leave us not cold but frozen.

K. M. Godley

Watertown, N. Y.

Thank you, Mr. Godley. We were pretty much disturbed over Mr. Russell's unkind words.

General Butler

To the Editor:

Under the caption "Moonshine" in your October issue, your correspondent, H. A. Hawthorne, disagrees with your September "Toasts" crediting Smedley D. Butler with cleaning up Philadelphia.

In his efforts in that direction the militant dry and gallant General did more harm than good, and the mayor was forced to fire him for the Good and Welfare of the City of Brotherly Love.

Some time ago this same gentleman, whom I concede to be a brave soldier, was invited by his subordinate, Colonel Williams, to a family gathering, and, if my memory serves me right, this loose-tongued and occasionally profane general preferred charges against his host. Colonel Williams, and had him courtmartialed on the charge that he (Colonel Williams) consumed too much liquor.

Colonel Williams was demoted. The humiliation affected him mentally and caused him, a year or so later, to take his own life.

This incident inclines me to think that General Butler was a poor sport who grossly violated the rules of hospitality.

Charles O'Conor Irwin

Arlington, N. J.

Discrimination

To the Editor:

The article in the October Forum, "Emotional Tragedy of a Jew," is well written. The writer has ably portrayed his reactions and line of reasoning. It is true that the Jew is a non-conformist. However, the reactions set forth in this article are not only true of the Jew but are equally true of all minorities. Only recently I had an experience which illustrates this fact.

A group of my friends, Gentiles and Jews, Americans, Frenchmen, and Italians, attended a performance of a current melodrama, *Small Miracle*. The leading character in this play is an Italian criminal, a part particularly well played. We all enjoyed the play. However, one of our Italian friends expressed resentment because the criminal was represented as an Italian.

Another illustration that the minorities, oppressed or otherwise, are subject to the suffering that has been the lot of the Jews for so many centuries may be seen in the much talked-of Hauptmann case. Many of our German friends are very much put out by the fact that the alleged Lindbergh kidnaper is a German. In fixing bail for the defendant in the Bronx case, the district attorney demanded $100,000 bail; the defense contended that $5,000 would be sufficient. The presiding justice ruled that in view of the fact that the defendant is an alien the bail would have to be $100,000. Wherein is the alien criminal any worse than the native? . . .

J. R. Roitburd

New York, N. Y.

Women in Chains

To the Editor:

. . . After rereading Mary M. Colum's article, "The Woman-Artist," in your October issue, I feel called upon to comment.

She has prefaced the main point in her article by a paragraph which disposes very nicely of the economic and domestic problem of the woman-artist, but I believe that she has overlooked the main reason for the paucity of artistic expression by women.

Have women ever expressed themselves artistically upon some of their own dramatic experiences? If so, I have failed to find such expressions in my search through literature. . . . There are some artistic masculine attempts to dramatize unwanted motherhood, but the feminine expressions of this and other strictly womanly experiences have been for the most part hysterical or sentimental blubbering.

Man's song swells to epic proportions because he is exultant; he feels the godhead within himself because he has molded nature somewhat to his liking — he is free. But what of woman? If her outlook is mainly subjective is it not because, in addition to the fact that she is so at the mercy of our social arrangement, her own closest touching experiences have not been deemed worthy of being passed through the intellect?

All through the ages man has marched off to war, glowing with righteous, martial feeling; he has roamed the earth and made his songs as he went. But woman's wars . . . have gone unsung. She must be her own propagandist when she has to do battle with the "grim sower." No flags or martial music bring her emotional exhilaration. . . .

Women themselves bury this problem, bring on inhibitions and frustrations that color their whole existence. . . . But it is woman's field. . . .

My guess is that women will not produce art of epic proportions so long as society remains economically competitive and penalizes motherhood. . . .

Cora Cormier

Shelton, Wash.

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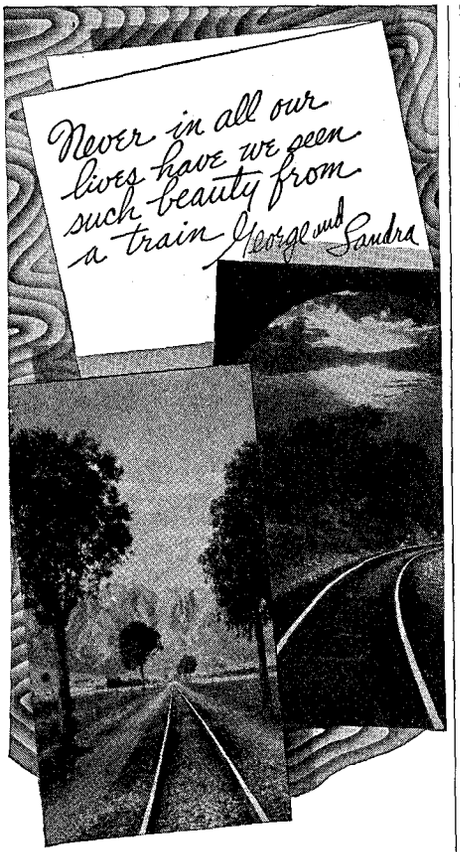

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OUR ROSTRUM

Crime Notes

The Editor's recent adventure (see page 1) in Central Park, New York City prompted George Britt, writing in the New York World-Telegram, *to remark: "Dr. Leach . . . found himself even more interested in crime than he thought. . . . The January issue of his magazine stands to become a collectors' item." The superlatively witty* New Yorker *hoped the fence around the Park reservoir would be removed, so that next time (!) the Editor might escape by diving.*

Business and the New Deal

To the Editor:

. . . It is my belief that Secretary Roper's frank and statesmanlike message ["The New Deal Endorses Profits," December Forum], well-timed as it is with the upward climb of trade and industry, gives ample reassurance — if reassurance is needed — to the business people of this country that the fundamental conceptions which have made our country an outstanding example of progress among nations will be neither discredited nor discarded. . . .

Secretary Roper, in his message, not only gives business the charts and aids which will enable it to steer a safe and steady course through the shoals of business enterprise, but he makes also a profound appeal to our patriotism and our good sense. . . .

Thos. J. Watson

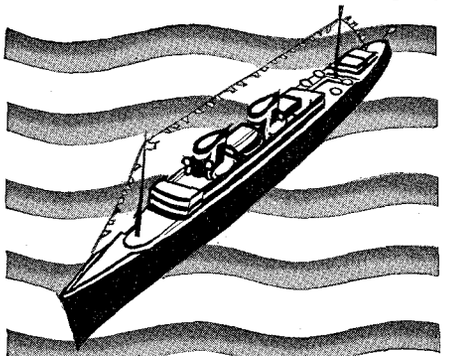
New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

. . . I see the possibility of some confusion . . . in Question 1: "Is the assurance of profit in private business not just as important for American morale as the assurance of wages?"

Strictly speaking, no administration can *assure* profit. The most that business can hope for from government is that it shall leave the way open for business, on its own initiative, to carry on profitably. If business does not exercise that initiative but hopes instead for the inauguration of some governmental program under which profits shall automatically accrue, business will be doomed to disappointment. And since the masses must live and goods therefore must be produced and distributed, whether by the profit system or some other, such an attitude on the part of business must tend directly toward the overthrow of the profit system, regardless of how eager the government may be to maintain the system.

Some industries, for instance, in the early days of code making, hoped to solve their problems by fixing prices at some convenient level; but such price fixing, of course, cannot succeed. It not only weakens business initiative by obscuring the necessity for employing better meth-



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ods but, by making prices higher than they need to be, reduces the public's buying power and limits the market for all legitimate industries.

On the other hand, if there is to be mass buying power adequate to the needs of business, *wages* must be removed from competition and must be made as high as they can profitably be made. . . .

The way has been opened by the President's recovery program for the exercise of such initiative by business. It is up to business, however, not up to the Administration, to give assurance that the way will be pursued. With the present productivity of our machinery, I can see no other way under which profits can be made; so it has seemed to me that the New Deal not only "endorses" profits but has indicated the only course under which the profit system can continue. . . . The alternative is poverty in the midst of plenty, with whatever radical measures a desperate people may resort to to escape from it.

EDWARD A. FILENE

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor:

. . . we notice the following statement: "The Roosevelt Administration stands squarely behind the principle of adequate and just profits for business as it does for adequate and just wages to the worker."

Mr. Roper, in common with many others, magnanimously concedes that the worker should have an "adequate and just" wage, yet they all fail to define it. I am sure a lot of us would like to know just what constitutes an "adequate and just" wage. . . .

Mr. Roper also says that for the first six months of 1934 561 companies reported total earnings of $498,000,000, compared with $133,649,000 for the corresponding period of 1933 — an increase of 275 per cent.

Can Mr. Roper say that the earnings of the workers have increased 275 per cent in the same period — or even 175 per cent?

It is the same old story — profits, profits, profits — just as in the "happy" days of 1928 and 1929. They are eating up the buying power and are hogging the wealth which carries recovery forward only when it appears in the pay envelope. Unless this process can be stopped, the New Deal is in for serious difficulty.

KATHERINE G.

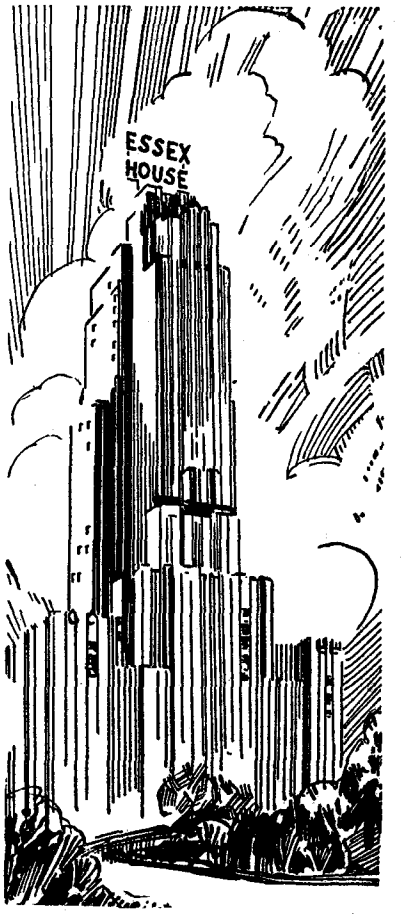
Watertown, N. Y.

WAR IN THE AIR

To the Editor:

What Lieutenant Hogg has to say about "The Bogey of War in the Air" [December FORUM] is substantially in accord with my own knowledge of the subject, in most respects.

I agree with what he says about the



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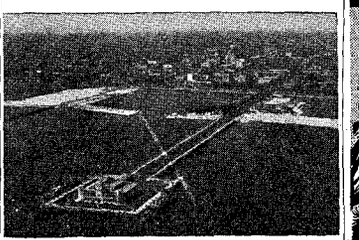

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impossibility of adequately gassing large cities from the air, about the ability of the battleship to take care of herself against aircraft, and about the effectiveness of our modern anti-aircraft guns.

But we have not nearly enough of these guns. If our enemy were able to secure command of the Atlantic we would need a continuous fortified zone from Boston to Baltimore to protect the important industrial districts in that region, with several strongly defended cities beyond its ends. We could not create such a fortified zone with the guns we have, and it would take us several years to build enough.

Meanwhile the enemy could raid freely all parts of the zone we were not able to fortify. He would bomb small towns and factories, poison reservoirs, and keep cutting the railroads and highways on which our cities depend for food.

The Lieutenant has also overlooked the military possibilities of blind flying. I believe it could be used quite effectively against large, fixed targets, such as large factories and arsenals and the business districts of large cities. The radio stations required could be built by spies before the war began and hidden in the walls of ordinary houses anywhere within two or three miles of the targets. It would not even be necessary for the spies to be living in those houses at the time of the raid.

Then the raid could be made under weather conditions that would make the attackers invisible to gunners on the ground or to defending aircraft. It would even be possible, theoretically, to make it with unmanned aerial torpedoes. . . .

JAMES R. RANDOLPH

Kingston, R. I.

GENEROSITY

To the Editor:

I think you were overly generous to ex-Commander Hayes of the American Legion in giving him so much space in THE FORUM. His letter ["The Truth About the Legion," December issue] was not only abusive and childish but contained arguments so absurd that they can be riddled by any one who has the slightest familiarity with the veterans' question. . . .

RALPH COGHLAN

St. Louis, Mo.

To the Editor:

Ex-National Commander Hayes made the claim . . . that only a small percentage of the membership of the American Legion has ever received disability payments. . . . Since the Veterans' Administration does not publish the names of all persons who receive compensation, it is difficult to see how ex-Commander Hayes arrived at his conclusion. . . .

JOHN TONE

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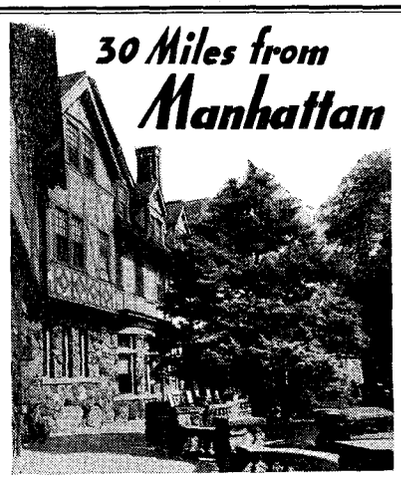

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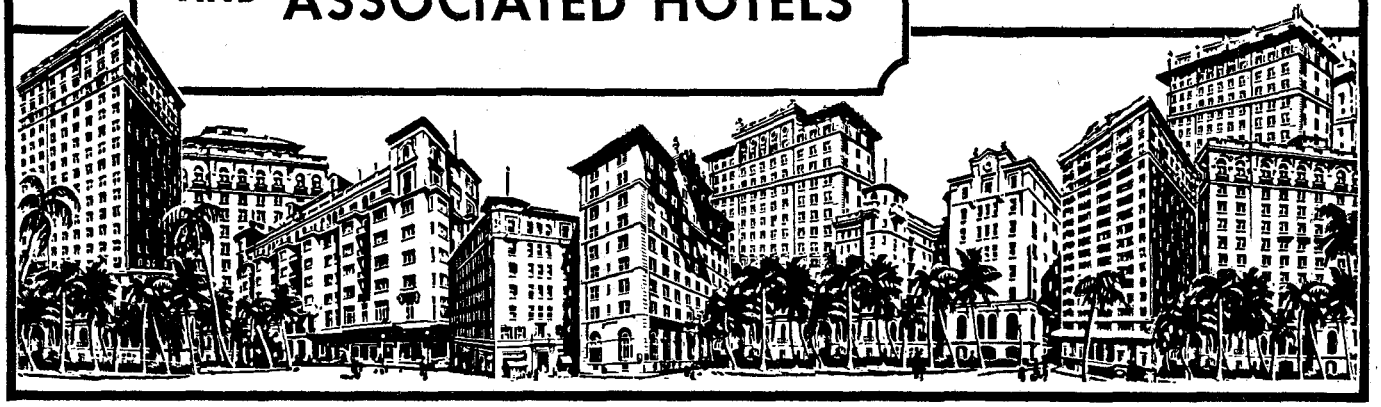

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THE CRUCIAL PROBLEM

To the Editor:

In American education to-day there is no more salient and crucial problem than that dealt with in Mr. Seaver's article ["Blundering Toward Citizenship"] in your December issue. We have never had education *for* democracy nor education *for* freedom; not even for the democracy and the freedom we have, to say nothing of the far greater democracy and freedom we must have. . . .

But the situation is propitious in that the huge experience known as the "depression" has produced a marked fluidity, or at least malleability, in the public mind: many frozen convictions and obsessions have been melted, many old, beloved sentimentalities have been burned out, and multitudes of people are looking eagerly for new facts and conclusions. . . .

I cannot admit that we are in "thickening fog"; on the contrary, we are emerging from almost complete darkness, or rather blindness; it is *growing vision*, at least within the profession, which makes us aware of fog and incites us to find means to dispel it. If Mr. Seaver will go back to the days when he was a high-school teacher (before the economic world lured him from the profession of education), he must realize that high schools and high-school teachers are vastly more awake to the politico-economic phase of education to-day than they were then. For this reason also I dislike the title of the article; it is not all blundering, but rather there is blundering just because a long ignored and terribly difficult task is now being attacked. . . .

But these are minor criticisms; the article as a whole puts education and the society which it serves into debt to THE FORUM. By all means enlarge the debt.

EDWARD O. SISSON

Portland, Ore.

To the Editor:

. . . The article certainly issues a challenge to educators. I would not take issue with the general criticisms that are implied further than to state that the arraignment of present education practice is not universally deserved. There are educators . . . who appreciate the facts presented in this article and whose attempts to correct conditions are made with a full knowledge of the difficulties which Mr. Seaver mentions. . . .

I am laboring under the impression that this article will be hailed with delight by some who are not too friendly with education. . . . They seize upon a criticism of one phase as an indictment of the whole. Personally, I believe that these . . . ought not to be encouraged in further attacks upon the public schools. . . .

CHESTER D. STILES

Westfield, Mass.

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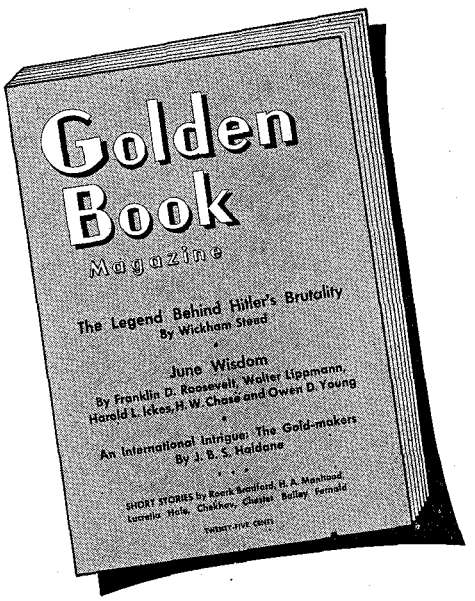
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TOASTS

LOWELL BRENTANO was Editorial Executive in charge of the publishing department of Brentano's, Inc., from 1918 to 1933. Formerly an author and playwright by avocation, he is now devoting all his energies to writing — and probably cursing editors as he once did writers.

OLIVER WILLIAMS' experience in a shipyard led to his interest in the tariff and allied questions and to his conviction that business does not often follow engineering triumphs with policies based on sound principles.

HENRY MORTON ROBINSON studied and taught at Columbia before becoming a free-lance writer. His present article is part of a chapter of a forthcoming book, *Science Over Crime*.

MARY M. COLUM, after a month's absence due to illness, resumes, and will continue through the winter, her monthly criticisms in THE FORUM.

CHARLES NORMAN'S poetry has appeared frequently in American magazines as well as in book form.

JOHN STRACHEY, who bears the name of a long line of journalists and writers, was formerly a member of the British Labor Party but has transferred his allegiance to the Communist Party.

RT. HON. L. S. AMERY has had a long career as journalist, as administrator in Britain's War Cabinet and in colonial affairs, and as a member of Parliament.

LEWIS C. DANIEL'S work has been concerned both with city life and with natural subjects in the country. The two reproductions in this issue are from a series of fourteen inspired by Whitman's poem.

CROSWELL BOWEN asserts that there is too much biography in his article, without this paragraph. He reaffirms, however, his discovery that the world is like nothing it was supposed to be — in the books.

LOUISE HOWARD FERSTER taught school before her marriage and, in addition to the activities described in her article, writes a little and is engaged in local theatrical and educational projects.

KATHERINE GLOVER, former newspaper woman and magazine editor, spent several years abroad writing on social questions and is now tackling the same problems at home.

FERNAND KABUS is a native of the Polish Germany which has been ceded to the former country. He was formerly connected with a European tobacco firm and is now with the Angostura-Wupperman Corporation.

J. B. RHINE has just been appointed Research Officer of the Boston Society for Physical Research, publishers of *Extra-Sensory Perception*, the record of the experiments Professor Rhine has been describing.

KONI FINE is a young lady in her early 'twenties, and "Birthday Surprise" is her first published short story.

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ACE HIGH

Peter Fleming

Tall, bronzed, pipe-smoking Englishmen named Carruthers, especially when found in tropic countries, are too good to be real. They belong in novels, not in life. That's what the narrator in Peter Fleming's story thought, flying from Guatemala to Vera Cruz with such a man. But when the man named Carruthers drew (or said he drew) the ace of spades, Mr. Fleming's character almost changed his mind.

DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY

Russell Holt Peters

In 1929 the death rate from traffic accidents in Evanston, Illinois, was 27 per 100,000. Since then the rate in most cities has been rising. The rate in Evanston is now 4.2 per 100,000. There is a story behind these figures, and citizens concerned over the grave situation Mr. Peters presents in his article in the present issue will want to read that story and learn what the application of intelligence to the traffic problem can do.

DRAMA OF DEATH

George Marvin

Many people believe that the spectacle of the bull fight is illustrative only of the lower human emotions, that it is degrading rather than absorbing or even exciting. Mr. Marvin does not dispute this point of view particularly. Neither does he argue the old question of how the bull fight should be rated as a sport, from the technical standpoint. What he does say, in a colorful, spectacular narrative, is that the bull ring can afford moments of the very highest drama.

OTHER FEATURES

P. W. Wilson writes a highly informative article on the income tax, examining the question of whether we in America have much to gain from patterning our schedules after Great Britain's, which have been developing over a much longer period of time. Lowell Brentano presents the concluding one of his three articles on the publishing business. Mary M. Colum gives us another of her sound discussions of literary subjects, this time on the field of education.

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1935

All indications are that it will be a momentous entry on the tablets of Time. Here are three new books which note and interpret the import of the new year:

WHAT OF TOMORROW?

by Ogden L. Mills

The former Secretary of the Treasury and outstanding Republican spokesman, analyzes the development to date of the New Deal, and assesses its future implications. $2.00

WHY WARS MUST CEASE

by Carrie Chapman Catt, et al

A symposium written by ten of the foremost women leaders of America for the National Committee on Cause and Cure for War, in which they bolster charges with statistics. $1.00

IN THE SHADOW OF LIBERTY

by Edward Corsi

A former commissioner of immigration (himself an immigrant), describes with colorful detail the strange and prodigious parade through the nation's chief gateway, Ellis Island. [tent.] $3.50

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

THE FORTY DAYS OF MUSA DAGH, by Franz Werfel (Viking, $3.00). Abused as it is, the term epic can actually be applied to this extraordinarily exciting and heroic novel of a people in bondage. In 1915 the Turkish government used war as a pretext to exterminate the Armenian nation. It adopted a policy of expatriation which meant certain and cruel death to hundreds of thousands. To escape this fate some five thousand Armenians — led by one Gabriel Bagradian, who had spent most of his life in Paris — abandoned their coastal villages and retreated to the wild mountain of Musa Dagh, there to defy the might of Turkey for forty agonizing days. How they built up their military defenses, beat back their attackers time and again, suffered, starved, and learned to function as a disciplined unit is the theme of Werfel's monumental story. It has, of course, deeper implications. Werfel's Armenians typify all subject and oppressed races, and the parallel with the Jews under Hitler is pointed up so explicitly that one can hardly miss it. The book is astonishing in that it is not only a mass drama but that individual personalities are sharply etched and amply realized. A superbly readable novel, it far surpasses anything else that Franz Werfel has written.

EARTH CONQUERORS, by J. Leslie Mitchell (Simon & Schuster, $3.00). No sordid motives but an idealistic quest for the "Fortunate Isles" animated the nine great explorers of whom Mr. Mitchell has chosen, somewhat arbitrarily, to write. These nine are Leif Ericsson, Marco Polo, Columbus, Cabeza de Vaca, Magellan, Vitus Bering, Mungo Park, Richard Burton, and Nansen. Mr. Mitchell's rich, flowing prose just escapes ornateness and is, instead, impressive; his judgments are sufficiently fresh to be piquant; his humor and his romantic sense of high adventure are unfailing. His nine chronicles vary in quality — the chapters on Cabeza de Vaca, Burton, and Mungo Park being particularly good — but his whole book is a delight to read. Even if one is not automatically interested in exploration, he can scarcely escape being stirred.

SUZY, by Herbert Gorman (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). When Suzy, American born, first drifted to Paris, she was a little minx of an adventuress with small education but a fine appetite for life. The wartime years turned her into a great lady. It was while she was dancing in a café that she encountered Charles-Marie d'Eze, whom she was later to love, to marry, and to lose because of his obsession for the spy, Mata Hari. Suzy's lovers were progressively better people, and she herself matures and ripens under the stress of war and tragic experience until she comes to express Mr. Gorman's own disillusioned viewpoint. *Suzy*, despite its engrossing narrative, has a tendency towards melodrama and the frankly improbable, but Mr. Gorman's picture of Paris from 1914 to 1918 is so astonishingly good that his book must be taken seriously as an historical novel.

THE SAAR STRUGGLE, by Michael T. Florinsky (Macmillan, $2.00). Written several months before the recent plebiscite of January 13, this is a shrewd, compact guide to the issues involved. After describing the economic peculiarities of the Saar region, the characteristics of its inhabitants, the kind of government it has received since 1919 from the League of Nations' Governing Commission, Professor Florinsky analyzes the political forces at work and the probable results of the plebiscite. Before Hitler took power, he says, it was a foregone conclusion that there would be an overwhelming vote in favor of union with Germany. Opposition to the Nazi régime by socialists, communists, and Catholics added a new factor, however, and increased the chance of a vote to continue the *status quo*. The plebiscite will be past history by the time this review appears, but thoughtful people would do well to read this book.

TARABAS: A GUEST ON EARTH, by Joseph Roth (Viking, $2.50). Against a rather vague background of Russia during the World War and the confused and difficult years immediately following, Joseph Roth has set up this novelized miracle play about Nicholas Tarabas, a bloodthirsty army officer who becomes, in his own tortuous, Muscovite way, a saint. A pogrom in the little town of Koropta — a pogrom which he could have prevented — brings Nicholas to an overwhelming realization of the enormity of his evilness. Whereupon, he resigns his commission and takes to the road as a homeless wanderer — to suffer and to die, finally, in a monastery. On the whole, his progress toward sainthood is pretty monotonous.

THE MIGHTY BARNUM, by Gene Fowler and Bess Meredyth (Covici, Friede, $2.00). Something new under the sun, this is the first "shooting script" of a screen play that has ever been published — and, if other movie scenarios can match it, it

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THE BOOK PARADE

will not be the last. Gene Fowler takes some fancy liberties with the life of the great showman, but the essence of P. T. Barnum and his era pervades this hilarious dramatization, and even the informal stage directions are crisply and robustly entertaining. Obviously workmanlike by Hollywood standards, and a model for potential screen writers, *The Mighty Barnum* makes better reading than most stage plays. This reviewer is avid for the actual movie to appear.

SKIN DEEP, by M. C. Phillips (Vanguard, $2.00). In the fact-finding spirit of *100,000,000 Guinea Pigs*, Miss Phillips of Consumers' Research here exposes the dubious truth about the beauty industry. Her hard-hitting and very devastating little book examines the better-known brands of cosmetics, tells which are actually harmful, which innocuous but useless, and advises women that they are being royally gypped, if not worse, when they pay fancy prices for fancy bottles containing lotions and creams. No fanatic, Miss Phillips does not advocate the complete abandonment of make-up and simple beauty aids. She does, however, maintain boldly that the public is getting a raw deal and that women everywhere should work for stringent laws governing the sale of cosmetics, depilatories, fat-reducing nostrums, and the like. *Skin Deep* will evoke howls of anguish in many quarters, but the wise consumer will be grateful for the shrewd, authoritative counsel it contains.

LITTLE ORVIE, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A satisfactory successor to Penrod and Willie Baxter, Orvie Stone is an inarticulate seven-year-old with a rare talent for getting into trouble. His chief cross is little Cousin M'ree from Kansas City, a precocious, baby-doll child whom he bitterly hates. His chief desire is to own a pup. How he achieves his ambition, how he outrages and outwits the bewildered adults of his family, how love comes to him, and how he goes to the dentist are especially enticing episodes in a typical Tarkington story. Orvie, though on the dumb side, is the essence of small boy — swaggering, secretive, and beautifully immune to logic.

MYSELF, by John R. Commons (Macmillan, $3.00). A distinguished economist and teacher and the author of that standard work, *History of Labor in the United States*, Professor Commons — now broken down in health and over seventy — has written briefly and informally the story of a singularly interesting life. A major part of his active years was spent at the University of Wisconsin, and it is certainly to the credit of that institution that he was

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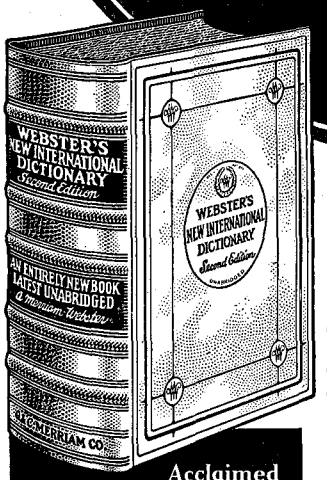

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allowed to participate so freely in the larger political and economic movements of his day. Professor Commons has been a labor arbitrator; an investigator for state and federal governments of such problems as immigration, public utilities, and municipal management; a single-taxer; an early supporter of LaFollette — in short, a man deeply involved always in intellectual pioneering. His book is confused, sketchy, and not all that it might have been, but it is, nevertheless, a valuable footnote to the history of American economic thought.

THE JASMINE FARM, by Elizabeth (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Slyly amusing as always, Elizabeth has invented another of her deliciously preposterous situations. An apostle and arbiter of purity, Daisy, Lady Midhurst, discovers as a result of one of her house parties that her own daughter has for seven years been the mistress of her elderly business adviser. Said gentleman has a vulgar and unquenchable mother-in-law, known as Mumsie, who pursues Lady Midhurst when she flees in shame to her jasmine farm on the Riviera. Mumsie's purpose is genteel blackmail, and how, in a roundabout fashion, she achieves it is the very stuff of comedy. Elizabeth has written more plausible books — and better ones, too — but her touch is so light and mocking that one can overlook incongruities.

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM, by Stefan Zweig (Viking, $3.00). A character as subtle and contradictory as that of Erasmus is difficult to delineate, and it is obvious that Herr Zweig has struggled hard to deal with it dispassionately. "Erasmus lighted up a problem: he never solved one," he writes. It is a shortcoming which he attempts to explain away time and time again, but his explanations fail to justify those passages wherein he eulogizes "the first conscious European." Had he been more vehement about it, this would have been a much finer biography.

WEEK END, by Phil Stong (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Startlingly different from the chronicles of bucolic Iowa which one associates with Mr. Stong, *Week End* is a story of world-weary sophisticates at a Connecticut house party. Being thirty-three and restless, Flora Baitsell assembles an ill-matched assortment of guests in honor of her birthday, hoping that among them she may finally choose her husband. Disconcertingly, hell breaks loose from the first evening, and the party ends in a mad burst of drama and rematings. The book is clever, romantic in a semi-cynical fashion, and more trifling than any of Mr. Stong's previous novels.

THEN A SOLDIER, by Thomas Dent (John Day, $2.75). Detachedly Thomas Dent — a pseudonym for a young English author — reviews the story of his past selves from babyhood to the age of twenty-one. There was Tommy, who was born on the African veldts and whose father died there; after him came the schoolboy, educated in an English public school by dint of his mother's grim struggle against poverty; finally there was the sensitive young Oxford student who was miserably initiated into sex, and so enslaved, by a married woman and who was imprisoned during the war for being a conscientious objector. *Then a Soldier* is a curious autobiography, self-conscious and long-winded and sometimes a bit pointless but so overwhelmingly honest that it is more interesting than one might suppose. Through it runs the perpetual conflict between Tom's two selves — one owing allegiance to his mother, one to his dead father; one practical and docile, the other rebellious and imaginative.

DELAY IN THE SUN, by Anthony Thorne (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Halted in their motor-bus journey by a strike, nine English tourists are stranded for forty-eight hours in a quaint, sleepy Spanish village, by name Querinda. Before they are able to move on again these oddly various folk have had their lives altered in many ways; have met love, have faced spiritual crises, have skirted tragedy. Mr. Thorne's formula is time-worn, but his descriptions of remote rural Spain are very pleasant, and his story is ingeniously concocted.

BRITANNIA WAIVES THE RULES, by Frances Douglas and Thelma Le Cocq (Dutton, $1.50). Two Canadian girls, of whom one has been there and one has not, razz England mercilessly in this flip and reasonably amusing little book. Unfortunately, the frequent puns are a trifle hard to bear, and the two authors try awfully, awfully hard to be funny.

PHILOSOPHERS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES, by T. V. Smith (University of Chicago Press, $4.50). For those who have happily been graduated from the story-of-philosophy stage, here is a handy compilation of much that is most valuable in the words of the philosophers themselves. The volume was first prepared for use under the New Plan at the University of Chicago and covers adequately the fields of Greek, Roman, and early Christian thought. Biographies of the major philosophers and brief summaries of the salient points in their work are included.

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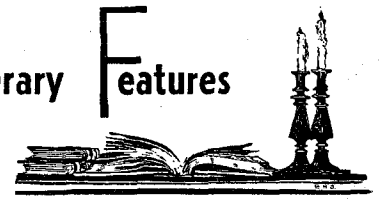

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On pages 126 and 127 of this issue will be found a detailed announcement of the FORUM's $1,000.00 prize contest: *Who Said It?*

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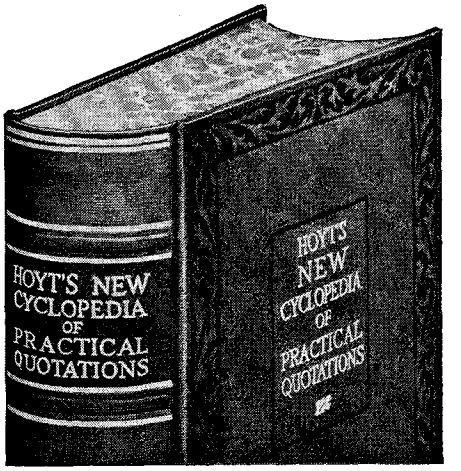

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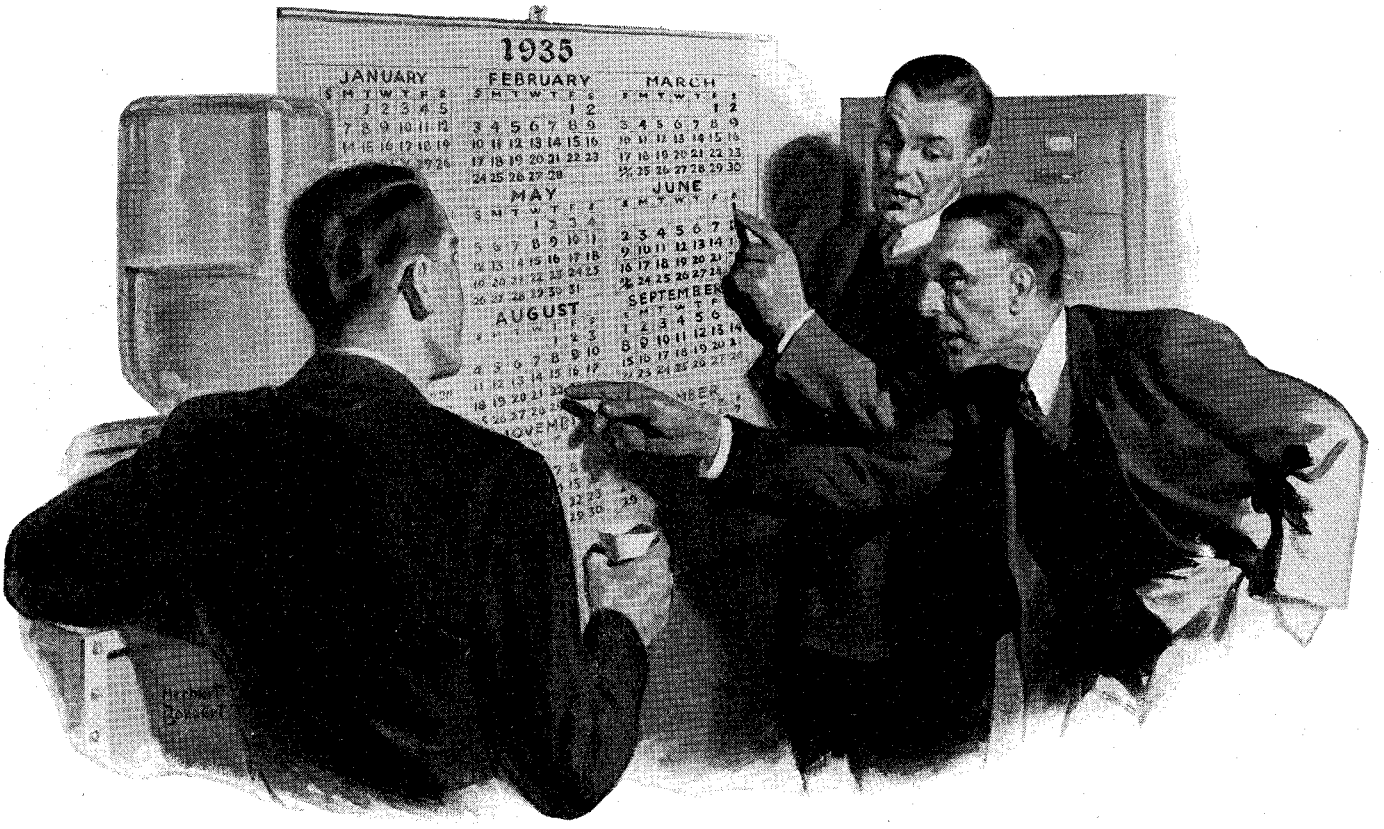

Hay Fever

MANY a hay fever sufferer can point to a calendar and foretell almost to the day when his misery will begin. Often, he knows how long it will last.

His acute distress is caused by pollen carried in the air from a particular kind of tree or grass or weed or, in rare instances, a flower. Some people may be affected by several types of pollen. Little or no relief may be secured until the particular types are known and proper measures are taken to immunize against them.

It requires patience on the part of the sufferer and thoroughness and understanding on the part of his doctor to find out, in advance of the dreaded season, whether hay fever will be brought on by a tree in April or May, a grass in June or July, or a weed in August or September.

One of the methods by which the doctor finds out which pollen causes hay fever consists of making a series of tiny scratches, about an eighth of an inch long, which penetrate the outer skin. He may make from eight to thirty tests, the number depending upon the variety of air-borne pollens in the patient's locality. On each scratch the doctor applies one drop of a different pollen solution. If a particular pollen has caused past trouble, a slight, itching elevation will appear on the skin where the scratch was made.

Based on the results of these tests, the doctor knows just what to do and when to begin to build up the immunity of his patient against the individual trouble-making pollen or pollens.

Some stubborn cases do not yield to this immunizing process, but a majority of hay fever patients have been made far more comfortable by it. Many of them have been relieved completely.

The time to begin the battle against 1935 hay fever is *now!*

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